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FORUM

and Century

MAY

THE HOLDING COMPANY BILL
A Debate

PHILIP H. GADSDEN AND JOHN T. FLYNN

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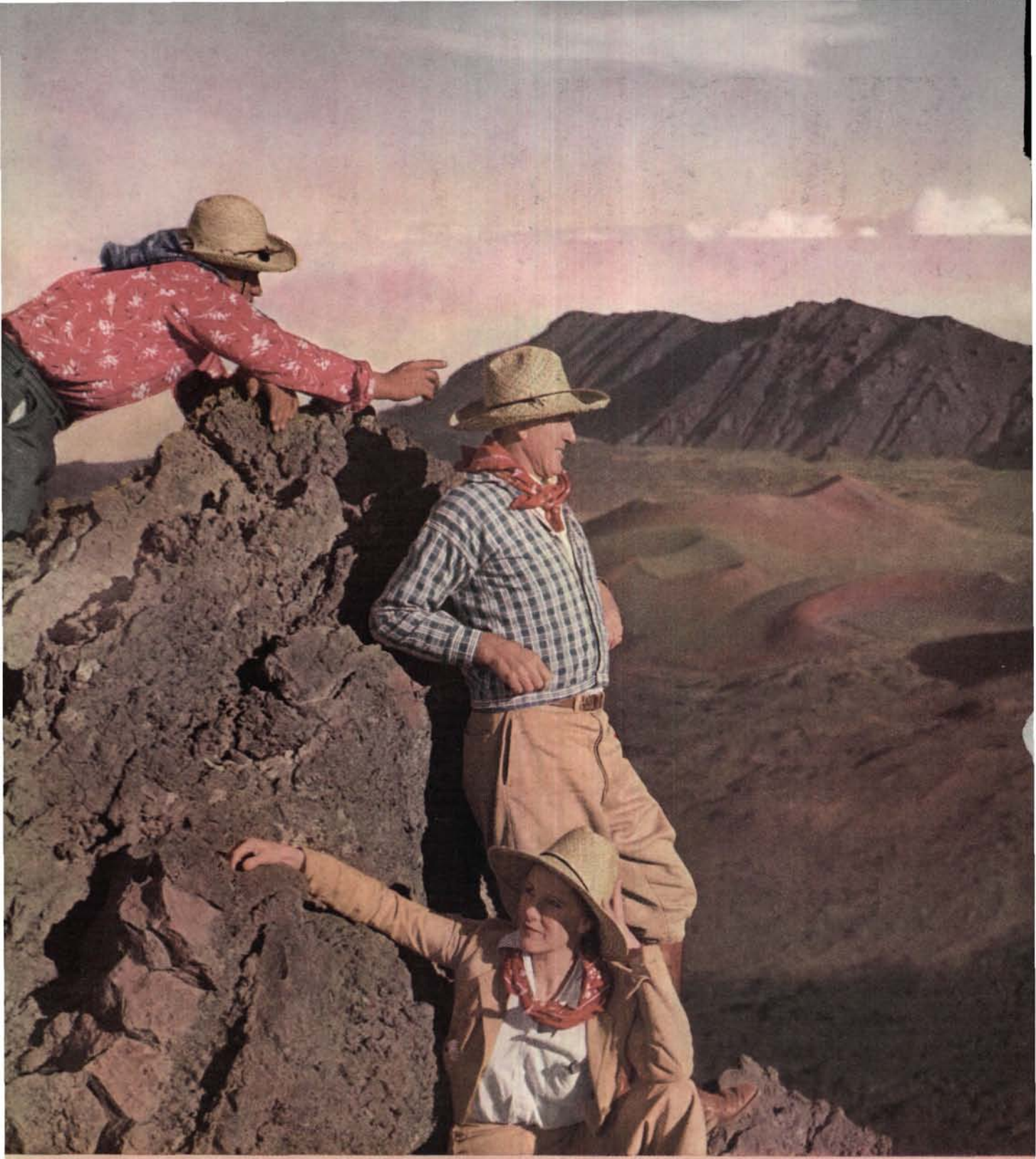

★ *Natural color photograph—Haleakala, earth's largest dormant crater, Hawaii National*

Hawaii

★ Lava-crested summit of *Haleakala*—two miles above the tranquil Pacific—on the *Island of Maui*—now reached by a new million-dollar highway. Below, the pit, twenty miles in circumference. *Maui* shares with the islands of *Oahu, Hawaii*

Have you ever stopped to wonder why Hawaii wins such universal affection? Obviously, the reason lies deeper than the perpetual Spring-touched days, the gleam of flower-brocaded slopes, the glory of majestic peaks.

Commencing with her exquisite greeting . . . a welcome of gay music and fragrant leis . . . you sense a distinction that sets Hawaii apart from all the world—you find yourself charmed by a gracious and hospitable people.

Imperceptibly you come to understand it has taken more than sunshine and flowers to build this great American Commonwealth . . . that industry and foresight laid the foundations which make it so attractive a play-place—

This discovery may well be yours this sum
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to the art-of-living while surf and sea bre
make summer even more pleasant than wi
Moderate fares simplify discovery . . . via l
rious liners in a less-than-five-day voyage f
Los Angeles, San Francisco, or Vancouver,

Planning your trip is a delightful prelud
the actual journey . . . with the help of "Ne
Hawaii" and "Tourfax", two useful bookle
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THE
FORUM
AND · CENTURY

MAY, 1935 VOL. 93, NO. 5

EDUCATION FOR PATRIOTISM

Editorial Foreword

A VERY IMPORTANT article on our acute problem of adult education appeared in the April issue of THE FORUM. This piece was written by C. A. Edson, who is educational adviser of the Atlanta area of the Civilian Conservation Corps, and was called "What's to Become of the CCC?" Mr. Edson recommends that, after the emergency which created them passes, the CCC camps be retained as a permanent national institution. He proposes a period of one year's training for 1,000,000 young men annually, of the age of eighteen years, between the time that they leave school and the time when industry is ready for them.

This proposal that the federal government take over the education of one thirtieth of our total student body for even as short an interval as one year will create dismay in two quarters. Those politically minded persons who resent any governmental intrusion on private destiny will, of course, raise an outcry against "regimentation." Again, many educators who place experiment first and advocate rapid revision of our standards will be alarmed by the threat of standardization contained in any attempt of the government to set up an educational yardstick.

Yet, in spite of the jungle of political and economic prejudices in which we are floundering and in the face of our civil dissension as to the purpose of American education, is the time not ripe to accept as inherently American certain standards about which all men who are willing to overlook personal prejudices and political nostrums can agree?

CHARACTER AND CO-OPERATION

THE DEVELOPMENT of personal character is now and always has been generally considered desirable by most candid Americans. Character is built largely on morals. To be sure, morals are relative and not fixed and shift somewhat from generation to generation, as science alters the judgments of religion or of law, but nevertheless the general pattern of nobility of conduct is so well defined that it can be described to the average man. Let us leave for the genius and the exceptional youthful pioneer all experimentation in revolutionary morality and prescribe for the average student lines of conduct that history has proved salutary. Today American juvenile adults need training in the normal regulation of their emotions far more than they do either the accumulation of facts or the incitement of self-expression. Our emotions are more backward than either our information or our intelligence.

"Ruthless individualism" and "regimentation" are both political terms used to disparage very desirable virtues. In reality Republi-

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cans are just as eager for helpful regulation of economic competition as are Democrats. Democrats admire honest personal initiative as much as do the Republicans. Hamilton may be a protagonist of individualism, Jefferson of collectiveness, but the disciples of both subscribe to unselfish initiative as well as the Golden Rule. In other words, co-operating individualism — what the British colloquially call "cricket" — is the generally accepted program of a pioneer nation. And America will always be a pioneer nation. As Haniel Long, the Santa Fe poet, puts it, "The paths of life are interwoven lives."

The two new subjects that we have heard most about in our schools in recent years are psychology and social science. Psychology is the study of individualism, the attempt to fathom the springs of personal behavior. In the period of rampant individualism after the World War the study of psychology was more popular than that of social science. The common expectation was that the opposite would be true. The CENTURY MAGAZINE, for example, presented to its public popular articles on the social sciences, in preference to psychology. The New School of Social Research in New York was predicated on a popular demand for social-science studies which was not at that time realized. Instead, its classrooms were thronged with eager adults clamoring for courses in psychology. Now the accent has shifted. Professor Ascoli, the Italian, and a group of German and American experts are conducting classes there in the history of politics and economics, in contemporary statistics, in city planning, in the study of communism, Fascism, the co-operative movement, and other subjects which make up the portfolio of social science.

At the Preview Dinner of the Chicago World's Fair last spring Dr. Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, praised our industrialists and producers and technologists of applied science and said that the debacle of the depression was due not to them but to the failure of the social sciences to keep pace with technological progress. The real answer is that the social sciences have indeed kept pace and that the information needed to order distribution and adjust consumption to production is already compiled and available. The hitch is that application of this fund of wisdom must come through politicians. When politicians have not themselves the knowledge they must be incited not by the social scientist, whose business is scholarship and the organization of material, not propaganda or leadership, but by the practical citizen taking aggressive action at the polls as a student of social science.

THE DANISH YARDSTICK

IN DENMARK the study of the social sciences — the relation of man to man — is not confined to the universities. Although Denmark is one of the world's most highly educated communities it is not the ambition of every Danish boy and girl to enter a university. There are plenty who graduate from the schools directly into industry and into farming. For this latter class the Danish system has an admirable institution corresponding to Mr. Edson's conception of the future of the CCC camps. The Danish folk high schools receive the sons and daughters of Danish farmers after their graduation from secondary schools, for a period of adult education before they take up their life work on the farm. In these folk schools they do not study agriculture vocationally. Their time is largely divided between communal singing, the other arts, and social science. These schools inculcate a joyous patriotism of pacifism. The monuments on the school grounds are not those of the great captains of Danish wars but those of the prophets and thinkers who have helped in the past to make the Danes an intelligent and co-operative people. Gay flags fly from all buildings, but patriotic songs take the place of gun drill.

As to the future curriculum of our CCC camps, Mr. Edson is right in including work on the public domain and education in the fundamentals, including "the three R's."

The federal government is setting up yardsticks in utility rates and other fields. While we are on the business of attempting national yardsticks let us applaud the movement to set up the most important yardstick of all, a measure of what is essentially American in our adult education. And let us have a CCC for women!

Henry Goddard Leach

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THE HOLDING COMPANY BILL

A Debate

BY PHILIP H. GADSDEN AND JOHN T. FLYNN

Against the Bill

MR. GADSDEN

When the Wheeler-Rayburn Public Utilities Bill was introduced in the Senate last February, Senator Burton K. Wheeler characterized it as follows: "Its spirit is the spirit of the bill I proposed for a Federal tax on bigness, i. e., a tax on corporations based on their size."

The advisability of attacking a business because it is big will doubtless be questioned by many an American familiar with his country's economic achievement; but that is not the question which I want to raise here. For the moment, let us accept the "spirit" of the bill with as much equanimity as possible; but let us examine this "bigness" that we, or the administration, are attacking.

Place an apparently solid object under a microscope, and it is revealed as a collection of tiny units making up the whole. Examine the enormous capital investment in a public utility — and you find it composed of a multitude of small five- and ten-share investments belonging to the man of small income. It is upon this small investor that the blow against bigness will fall.

In connection with the hearings on the utilities bill before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, a group of fourteen public-utility holding companies analyzed the distribution of their securities. The analytical work involved was enormous, and the records comprised thousands of typewritten pages. The records were made available to the House Committee. They showed that these fourteen holding companies had 1,750,000 security holders, scattered throughout the country. If all public-utility holding companies were included, there would be more than 5,000,000 individual holders of these securities. The great majority of them have incomes of less than $3,000. The total investments in these securities is estimated at $2,000,000,000. The average holding would, therefore, amount to about $400.

This $400 represents individual savings, placed in the securities of companies that have long been regarded as premier investments. Corporate bigness, in this instance, is the aggregate of these savings. When the government strikes at these aggregates simply because they are large, it strikes directly at the citizen of small income.

The figures given above refer only to the public-utility holding companies. There are also at least 5,000,000 security holders in the operating companies, with an investment of $10,000,000,000. As will be shown later, this investment would also be seriously impaired by the passage of this bill.

Now, it is true that in the mad days of 1929 there was speculation in these securities of public-utility holding companies (as in everything else), and in certain companies unsound financial structures developed. Everybody knows that now (everybody ranks high in hindsight), and nobody wants those abuses to reoccur. If their reoccurrence has not already been prevented by legislation, it should be prevented. The utility companies are not opposed to regulation. But this bill does not regulate; it destroys. This bill does not protect the investor; on the contrary, it causes immense loss in his investment.

First of all, it calls for the elimination of the holding company. Second, it gives to the Federal Power Commission such extreme powers over the operating companies as to constitute a condition of government management without the responsibility of ownership.

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II

THE HOLDING company is not a new economic organization. It has existed in this country for many years. The chances are that the paper on which this is printed comes from a holding company; that most of the processed goods you buy come from a holding company; that your automobile, your oil and gas, your soap — most of the common manufactured products — come from holding companies. The industrial names most familiar to you are the names of holding companies — General Electric, General Motors, General Foods, National Dairy Products, U. S. Steel, Diamond Match, American Tobacco, Armour and Company, Standard Oil (N. J.), National Biscuit, Standard Brands, United Fruit, Anaconda Copper, Bethlehem Steel, Sears-Roebuck, and hundreds of others. Last, but not least — and this is particularly interesting in view of the government's sweeping attack against holding companies — the Tennessee Valley Authority is itself a holding company, organized by the federal government.

The principle of the holding company is the same in each instance: centralized management over unit companies so that each can draw upon the experience and skill of the system as a whole; the economy of large scale purchasing; adequate financial support, so that the local unit, which would not be able to obtain capital of itself, need not lack funds for expansion and improvement.

In the public-utility industry the holding company is of special importance. The industry began some fifty-five years ago. It started in the cities where there would be more customers and more chance of raising capital. But when it tried to expand into the towns and the country it faced a very difficult problem; an isolated plant serving a less populous area, with little prospect of large revenue, could not attract the capital funds necessary for its construction. So the holding company was developed for the purpose of linking the city and country plants, of balancing the less profitable territories with the profitable ones, of providing skilled managerial services for each unit; and in so doing it was able to attract capital on the basis of the oldest investment principle there is — diversified risk.

The contribution made by the holding company to the light-and-power industry was summarized in 1929 by David E. Lilienthal, former member of the Wisconsin Public Service Commission and now one of the directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority, as follows:

> Since the pioneer public-utility acts of New York and Wisconsin were enacted two decades ago, a new figure, the holding-and-management company, has come upon the field, demonstrated its prowess, and in a relatively few years changed the entire economic nature of the public-utility industry. Isolated plants have given way to great systems whose lines span several states and serve hundreds of communities, all operated under unified managerial and financial supervision. The spread of rural electrification, the amazing advances in telephony, the rise of superpower systems — these and many other technological developments so intimately related to the public welfare are directly attributable to the efforts of the holding company. Perhaps most important of all, to the holding company must go the credit for the unprecedented flow of capital into the public-utility industry, making possible extensions and improvements of service.

The holding company is just as important to the industry today as it ever was in the past. The primary problem in public utilities is the problem of *finance*. The public utility must not only maintain its power plants and its transmission lines; it must continually expand and improve them. It cannot shut down its service; it must always be ready to extend its lines and facilities to new communities. Since its earnings are limited by law, it cannot finance these things out of profits; and unless it is large enough, diversified enough to be attractive to the investor it cannot raise money by selling securities. The holding company constitutes a reservoir of funds immediately available to the operating companies at need, regardless of the state of the security markets.

That is one function of the holding company. Another function was indicated by Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt in a letter written from Warm Springs, Georgia, in 1926. He said in part:

> Mr. Thomas W. Martin,
> Alabama Power Company,
> Birmingham, Alabama.
>
> My dear Mr. Martin:
> I am writing this to you in order to obtain information. As you have probably read in the papers, I have recently taken over the old resort known as Warm Springs and hope that soon there will be an

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> extensive development. We, in this and the neighboring communities, are suffering from the usual high cost and inefficient services of small, local power plants. . . .
>
> Very sincerely yours,
> Franklin D. Roosevelt

Mr. Roosevelt could not make the same complaint in Warm Springs today about the "high cost and inefficient service of small, local power plants," because these plants are now under a holding company; and the President of the Georgia Power and Light Company, part of that same holding-company system, testified before the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee:

> The holding company is necessary to our continued existence. . . . The holding company has supplied our company with millions of dollars, which has made possible the extension of electric service at lower rates to a large number of small towns and rural communities which previously had no electric service at all.

Nevertheless, the bill now before Congress declares that it is the policy "to provide at the end of five years for the abolition of the public-utility holding company."

III

PERHAPS ENOUGH has been said to indicate what effect this would have upon the operating companies. Let us consider for a moment what effect it would have upon the millions of investors who have put their savings into this industry.

The assets of a holding company are the common stock of its operating companies. The holding company itself has issued, let us say, bonds, preferred stocks, and common stocks. Required to dissolve, it will have to pay off its senior securities — its bonds and preferred stocks. To raise the money for this, it must sell its assets — its operating-company stocks — on a market in which all the other companies are perforce dumping *their* operating-company common stocks. The result will be ruinous. Perhaps the holding company can raise enough to pay off its bonds. It is unlikely that its preferred stockholders will get anything. Its common stockholders will lose everything.

Write in "millions of stockholders" and "billions of dollars" and you have some idea of the suffering and economic chaos which this would cause. Or perhaps you will have an even better idea if you own some public-utility securities yourself.

In the first two weeks after the bill was introduced in Congress, the value of public-utility securities declined $100,000,000. If the bill should be passed, the slump in the markets the next day would constitute a financial catastrophe.

Isn't there another way to achieve what the more fair-minded critics of the holding company desire? Isn't there a way whereby the government can regulate without destroying?

Obviously, the answer is yes. A government that cannot regulate cannot govern. Let us examine the problem from the standpoint of regulation.

In the seven-year ex-parte investigation of the public utilities, the Federal Trade Commission accused the industry of certain abuses. These accusations constitute the basis of the indictments in this bill. Most of these indictments relate to the issuance of securities. The reports upon which they were based concerned a few companies (not *all* companies) in the period from 1920 to 1930. Since that time the Federal Securities Act of 1933, regulating new security issues, and the Securities and Exchange Act of 1934, regulating stock-exchange transactions, have been passed, both designed to prevent false issues, to protect the investor. If these new laws do not adequately regulate public-utility securities, then they should be amended. The public-utility companies have publicly stated that they are in favor of that.

The other indictments relate chiefly to the relationship between holding companies and their operating companies and cover such questions as excessive charges by the holding company for services, "upstream loans" from the operating company to the holding company (instead of the reverse), nonuniform accounting, etc. Many of these questions are already regulated by state public-service commissions; where there is a gap in that regulation, where further federal regulation seems necessary, the utility companies have publicly favored it. In other words, if abuses still exist in holding-company practice, they can be corrected by simple regulation without destruction. Let us eliminate whatever is bad; let us not eliminate the good as well.

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That would seem to be the American way, but unfortunately it is not the policy of this bill.

But that is not all. There is another section of the bill, relating to operating companies, that has not received as much attention as the holding-company provisions. It is, however, just as important and just as vitally destructive. For it makes a federal bureaucracy at Washington the virtual manager of the operating companies. Weakened by isolation from their holding companies, restricted from the exercise of independent action and initiative, facing the *unregulated* competition of municipal agencies, the operating companies would fall very easy prey to government ownership. Indeed, as between the condition created by this bill and government ownership, the latter would be preferable; for at least the government would then be both manager and owner; the burden of its blunders would fall upon itself and not upon the innocent stockholders.

Under the terms of the bill and by a broad definition of the interstate-commerce clause, the Federal Power Commission is given authority over the operating plants producing ninety-one per cent of the national output. The Commission can order a company to make any additions or improvements, regardless of whether the utility has the funds. It can order the utility to let other plants use its lines (this would permit a government power project to use a utility's facilities for competition with that utility). It can order it to sell to or purchase from or transmit for any other company. Its approval is necessary for extensions, for the sale or lease of property, for mergers. It has the power to determine business practices, methods of production and transmission, contracts and all arrangements in regard to legal, engineering, and financial services.

There doesn't seem to be much left for the company to do. Under these provisions utility companies will be compelled to serve as common carriers and must permit the use of their facilities by *anyone*, if the Federal Power Commission so orders. A municipal or government power plant, already starting with the advantage of tax exemption, could compete with a private utility by using that utility's own transmission lines, whether it disrupted the utility's service or not. This is competition, indeed!

Under these conditions it is difficult to believe that the industry can survive as a privately operated enterprise.

IV

If the American people want government ownership, they should, of course, get it. But they should not be led into it against their will because of failure to understand this bill. I doubt that the average American has lost faith in private enterprise or that he has been won over to the cause of political management of business. So far, history has failed to present any very impressive demonstration of a government-owned industry.

The record in municipal operation of utilities is particularly impressive. Mr. Wendell L. Willkie, President of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, summarized it as follows:

> In the fifty-odd years of the existence of the electric-light-and-power industry in the United States there have been established altogether some 3,900 municipal plants. More than half of these have been abandoned, and only about 1,800 remain. The percentage of mortality in the last 15 to 20 years has been higher. Of the 437 municipal generating plants established between 1920 and 1930, 323, or 74 per cent, had been sold or abandoned by 1932. These municipal plants throughout their history have been free from taxation, yet today the average rate for all classes of service by municipal plants is 15 per cent higher than the rate for electric energy from electric utilities privately owned.

In a democracy such as ours the danger lies not in the exercise of popular will but in the failure to exercise it because of misunderstanding. Once informed, the people (if we are to have any faith in democracy at all) will, in the end, choose wisely. The public-utility companies have made every effort to place before the public the facts in regard to this measure, frankly, openly, with the source always acknowledged. They have been criticized for this by high government authorities, by, indeed, the highest government authority. But their right to state their case is an inalienable right; it belongs to the individual or to the private enterprise as much as it does to the government. The government has not hesitated to present its opinion. The public-utility companies do not hesitate to present theirs.

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For the Bill

MR. FLYNN

THE GENTLEMEN who have dominated and milked our great public-utility systems and our small investors are now running about yelling "Fire!" so lustily, because of the pending holding-company bill, that the citizen is apt to get a bit confused amid the din. "Twelve-billion-dollar industry to be destroyed!" "Tearing down the house to be rid of the rats!" "Burning the home to roast the pig!" Thus they cry out. Let us see, therefore, if we can introduce a little order into the discussion.

First, what is this utility-holding-company bill which has started all the shooting? And, before that, what is a holding company? It is a corporation which, directly or through various, devious corporate devices, controls one or more public-utility operating companies. Insull's Middle West Utilities, his Corporation Securities Company, and Insull Utilities Corporation were holding companies. The United Corporation, Electric Bond and Share, Associated Gas, the Cities Service Company are holding companies.

Now what does the Senate bill propose? It provides:

1. That no holding company can own or control or manage a public-utility company, can manufacture or sell power or issue and sell securities in interstate commerce, unless it is registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission.

2. That to secure such registration it must produce full and complete information about its capital, its resources, its officers, its business.

3. That it cannot issue, sell, or buy securities without first filing with the Commission complete data about such issues and obtaining the consent of the Commission.

4. That such holding companies will not be permitted to own the shares of any corporations save those engaged in generation, transmission, and distribution of electrical energy. They cannot own natural-gas companies, pipe-line companies, or utilities outside the United States and cannot own competing gas-and-electric companies in states where this is prohibited. They may own government securities and such others as the commission may permit.

5. The Federal Power Commission is directed to make a study of all holding-company capital structures and after January 1, 1938, may force holding companies to simplify those complicated structures. Where such action would result in loss to the companies or investors this order may be deferred unt l as late as January 1, 1940. But by January 1, 1940, all holding companies must be dissolved.

However, the Federal Trade Commission may then permit such holding companies as are necessary to the integration of utility systems in geographic areas to continue to function, subject to regulation by the Federal Power Commission and the Securities and Exchange Commission, under the other terms of the act.

These are the chief provisions of this bill. There are others, prohibiting intercompany sales of assets and securities, loans, proxies, etc., requiring reports, and providing for administration and penalties. But there is not one word giving the government any power to intervene in the internal operation of the company.

II

AGAINST THIS exceedingly mild measure a great hue and cry is raised by the holding-company promoters. They see menaced one of the great rackets of the last twenty years. But it is not for this reason that they fight it. They fight it, as you may guess, because it is going to hurt that poor, knocked-about, utterly forgotten man — the little investor. There is something beautiful about the tender solicitude of these holding-company magnates for the losses which the cruel government proposes to inflict upon the widows and orphans and the helpless little shavers who own all these utility stocks. One wonders why these gentlemen were not at least as solicitous for these small investors when they were selling them holding-company securities back in the good old days of the 'twenties. Who was weeping for the little man back in 1929, when he was being sold American Gas and Electric shares for 225 — shares for which he can now get the generous price of 18⅞ each; or when he was

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being sold Associated Gas and Electric shares at 46 — shares which can now be bought for 39 cents each?

But, we are asked, why punish a whole industry for the sins of a few offenders? But, alas! in 1929 about forty per cent of the power industry was concentrated in the hands of three large groups — Insull's, United Corporation, and Electric Bond and Share. How many hundreds of millions of dollars were drawn from the pockets of the little investors by these three companies, in those merry days? And where are those dollars now? Remember, the tears are flowing from the eyes of men who sold Insull shares as high as 79, and these shares are now worth nothing whatever. They sold at 75 United Corporation shares which are now worth 1½ and at 189 Electric Bond and Share stock which is now worth 3⅝ a share. The market was overrun with holding-company shares of all sorts. United Founders, which dominated several utility groups, was selling at 76½. It is now priced at a dollar. The public was "permitted" to buy nearly four billion dollars' worth of investment-trust shares by these gentlemen who are now sending up their lamentations for the "little fellow." May we not assume, therefore, that these tears are moving-picture tears and made of glycerine?

This fear for the safety of the little man's investment is based on the assumption that the proposed bill will destroy all utility holding companies. I am very sorry to say that the bill will do no such thing. Well before our famous crash, I ventured to suggest that the holding company would turn out to be the most insidious and certain corrosive agent in the capitalist system. The fate which overtook all these great holding companies, the wreckage of utilities, banks, railroads, industrial corporations thus enmeshed would seem now to give some authenticity to that prophecy. I do not ask the reader to accept merely my dictum. Let me summon two witnesses who can be suspected of no partisanship against the system.

Over twenty years ago, Edgar H. Farrar, then President of the American Bar Association, one of the great corporation lawyers of the country, attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad, told the Bar Association that the time would come when the American people would rue the day when they permitted one corporation to own stock in another one. I think that day is at hand.

Mr. W. L. Ransom is the attorney for the Consolidated Gas Company of New York and one of the leading legal champions of utility companies in the East. In 1925 he wrote a confidential letter to the vice president of his own company, who was about to make a speech in support of holding companies. That letter was unearthed in a recent investigation. It reads:

> The time is not far distant when unregulated holding companies will be recognized as the *chief menace to the public utility industry in America.* They may destroy the present confidence of the investing public in public utilities as safe investments — confidence based on the assumption that state regulation now exists.

Then Mr. Ransom added: "I don't urge you to go that far or say that much."

For my part, therefore, whether we consider the interest of the investor or the interest of the economic society, I think the holding company should be pulled by the roots out of our industrial and financial system. Unfortunately, the bill does not do this.

A letter of Mr. Roosevelt, written in 1926, speaking of the inefficiency of "little companies," is brought forward now. No one is defending "little companies." Is there no sane middle ground between the inefficient company in Warm Springs and a sprawling and predatory giant like Insull?

The bill directs the Federal Power Commission to study the capital structure of holding companies. After January 1, 1938, all holding companies will be forced to dispose of those holdings which are not essential to the sound operation of their system. The clear intention here is to bring about a rational simplicity in corporate structure, in order to eliminate the racketeering possibilities of the holding company. Thereafter, the Commission may permit those holding companies which are deemed essential to the unification of geographically or economically integrated systems to continue to function, under regulation by the Commission.

III

IT IS NOT true to say that the principle in all holding companies is the same. A fair case, on the ground of organizational expediency, can be made for a simple holding-com-

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pany structure — a single holding company owning outright the shares of a number of operating companies. Standard Oil of New Jersey is an instance in point. The subsidiaries in that case are nothing more than incorporated departments — incorporated for purely administrative convenience. But compare this with one of our great utility tangles. Out in Oregon you find a little company called the Yawhill Electric Company. It belongs to the Portland General Electric Corporation. But the Portland company belongs to the Pacific Northwest Public Service Company. Here is the parent organization, apparently. It controls the public utilities in Portland, the gas company in Seattle, street-railway companies and other utility companies in various towns.

But this is not the end of the maze. The Portland public-utilities company belongs to the Central Public Service Corporation, which owns other utility systems in Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. And that in turn belongs to the Central Public Utility Corporation, which owns various other holding companies with utilities and other sorts of enterprises from Maine to Oregon.

But this is still not the end! The Central Public Utility Corporation is held by a superholding company called the Central Public Service Company. Why the little Yawhill Electric Company in Oregon, the Tri-City Gas Company in Alabama, the Bridgewater Electric Company in Maine, and the Lower St. Lawrence Power Company in the Province of Quebec, plus a maze of companies (including the Compagnie D'éclairage Électrique in Haiti!) in a dozen or more states, should all be huddled in this same holding-company nest no one can explain. And the interests which support these weird structures are powerful. Nothing short of action by the federal government and plenary power in the agencies entrusted with the job can clean up such situations.

The pretence that this is an injustice to investors because it will cause a dumping of securities upon a demoralized market is preposterous. That is based on the contention that a large holding company cannot be liquidated without paying off its bonds; that to do this its assets would have to be sold; that to sell these assets in the demoralized state of the market would mean a sacrifice which would involve complete loss to all stockholders as well. The bill makes it perfectly plain that no holding company will be called on to sell any of its securities until after January 1, 1938, and that the time may be extended by the Commission until 1940. Are we to assume that the market is to remain demoralized until 1940? If that is true, the holding-company sponsors need not trouble about what will happen to them. The inexorable laws of economics will have ground them up long before 1940, if the depression continues that long.

The fight, of course, is to preserve the holding-company mechanism, out of which the promoters have made such rich hauls in the past.

The holding companies have made millions for promoters by unloading properties on their companies at shamefully written-up values. The Morgans formed the United Corporation. Into it they dumped their accumulated utility holdings. The public supplied the money. The bankers took perpetual option warrants for stock in the United. They paid a dollar a share for these options. Soon the options were selling for $48 each. In 1929 the Morgan firm could have sold its share of these options at a profit of over sixty million dollars.

The Federal Trade Commission studied ninety-one companies. It found the assets written up thirty-four per cent.

Judge Robert E. Healy, of the Federal Trade Commission, recently declared that the Florida Power and Light Company had written its assets up one hundred twenty-six per cent, or $35,800,000 above its book value of $28,200,000. The Miami customer pays $4.18 per K.W.H. The Hartford customer — undominated by a holding company — pays $2.20.

Electric Bond and Share has a company in Knoxville. Its capital stock has a stated value of $5,000,000. That company wrote up its capital assets, at one stroke and after the depression, $4,388,157, or nearly the whole value of the capital stock! The holding company collected, in the four depression years, over $846,000 in dividends on that write-up.

These are some of the reasons why the holding-company promoters want to save their machine. These are some of the reasons why they must be disarmed.

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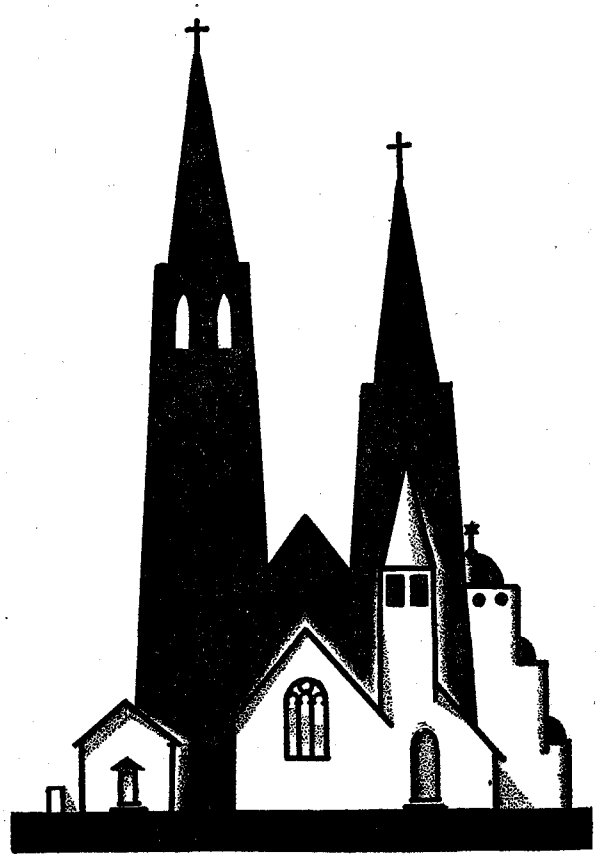
SHOULD CATHOLIC PRIESTS MARRY?

BY MARY O'NEILL



THE QUESTION, asked in whispers within the Roman Catholic Church at intervals, whether the old practice of celibacy of the clergy should be continued in modern times, is a vital one to me. I have a son who has talked of studying for the priesthood. Naturally, I cannot help having an opinion about the wisdom of the Church's discipline of its ministers.

At the start, I must say that my opinion in this regard in no way affects my standing as a Catholic. In disagreeing with the vast majority of Roman Catholics the world over, I am merely exercising the right granted to all of thinking independently on matters not officially set into the body of Church doctrine. If the Pope himself should happen to see my little protest he would probably deplore what he would consider false reasoning on my part but he would not attempt to take from me the right to my own view.

For years I have been associated closely with many Catholics who have given their lives to the Church, within and without religious orders and in various parts of the world. Consequently, I know that, with marvelously few exceptions, Catholic priests keep their vow of chastity — popular notions to the contrary notwithstanding. In ecclesiastical thought, breaking this vow is the *ne plus ultra* of degradation, the paramount act of defiance of God speaking through His Church, the heinous sin which damns. Not until a priest had lost all faith, all fear of God's wrath, would he dare yield to sex impulses in taking even the first steps toward violation of his vow.

To be sure, celibacy of the clergy is a matter of Church discipline, not a matter of doctrine. The existing policy *could* be changed, although it is not likely to be in the lifetime of any reader of this article. But that clerical celibacy is disciplinary rather than doctrinal does not minimize the seriousness with which the Church's ministers regard their obligation. Sex relations outside of "the holy state of matrimony" are always mortally sinful to a sincere Catholic: when a priest is forbidden marriage he is forbidden any sexual gratification.

AN ERROR IN EUGENICS

AT FIRST IT may seem a heresy to many Catholics when I maintain that enforced celibacy of the most gifted and promising youths in the Church is unwise from the viewpoint of eugenics. Of course, this is merely an opinion. Sociologists have no fixed standards as to what human traits are socially most desirable. Some thinkers may not have departed far from the ideals of Lycurgus, in which a race physi-

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cally strong and hardy is the goal. Others feel that the finer human capacities of thought, feeling, and expression of thought and feeling in life should be encouraged to an extent never yet known. Probably the most general view now is that, while physical well-being is essential as a foundation upon which the finer human qualities must rest, it is primarily a means to an end and that fostering delicate sensibilities and the tendency to so-called noble forms of behavior should be our great concern. But conceptions of "nobility" are vague and varied.

Then too, no eugenist can yet say positively how to mate individuals to produce the highest type of offspring. Outcroppings of the good appear in children of parents themselves intellectually and emotionally inferior, and traces of the bad in offspring of very superior people. Yet, in the light of experimentation with plants and animals — as well as of observation and common sense — it seems that the most admirable individuals within any group of people should be the ones to beget children. At least, this is the principle followed by those who raise prize vegetables and flowers and farm stock. No tomato grower takes seed from a slow-growing, scarred, irregular tomato — but from the best available in appearance and taste. A pork raiser does not use runts for breeding purposes — but the finest swine he can secure. We have no evidence that mental, emotional, and so-called spiritual capacities are not transmitted according to the same laws that govern physical characteristics.

The reasonable principle of encouraging marriage between individuals who are nearest, all around, to the ideal human being is apparently disregarded by Catholic leaders. Even in early childhood the most promising boys and girls are "spotted" for the priesthood or a religious order. If her son shows the finer human traits — kindness, scholarly attitudes, thoughtfulness concerning God and His will for mankind — the pious Catholic mother delightedly whispers, "Perhaps my boy has a 'vocation,'" and at once imagines him in a cassock and Roman collar. The Church school aims ever to keep the priesthood before his vision. Without any minimizing of its hardships, it is held up as the vocation whereby one attains the fullest, richest life. When a girl is studious and devout, Catholic friends and nuns whisper, "Perhaps she is meant for the convent." Nuns, at least, do everything in their power to foster the "vocation" of which they feel they have caught a glimpse. False pictures of convent life are not given; in fact, its rigors are emphasized: but the rewards of a life of renunciation are held up, in a Catholic school, before the children most sensitive mentally and emotionally.

Visit any seminary giving training for the priesthood or the novitiate in any religious order of men or women: there you see a group of young men or young women of high potentialities. No sociologist could, in his present state of knowledge, select worthier persons to propagate the finer human traits. Splendid physique and health abound. Sparkling eyes betray sensitiveness to stimuli, willingness to follow the path considered right, although it involve heroic sacrifice. All these young people need for their fullest development is an environment in which stimuli and ideals are such as to bring out and exercise hidden capabilities. Personally, I cannot be present at church when a group of such "picked" young men sing the service, without being struck with awe at the mighty force behind the chorus and with sadness at the thought of the suffering to which such concentrated enthusiasm may eventually lead. The physical and mental weaklings, the mentally slothful, the youths insensitive to the logic and beauty of Catholic teaching and worship are seldom found among the young men and women preparing for the priesthood or for life in a convent. Physical and mental runts are left at home to struggle for existence in a cruel world, while these youths favored by nature are set apart for life, never to contribute their offspring to society.

Is the Church wise in thus segregating the boys and girls of greatest mental and spiritual capacities and commanding that they shall not beget children? At the rate of tens of thousands a year, this exodus of the most talented Catholic children from normal society goes on; while those less favored by nature are encouraged to rear families. May such practice explain why Catholic idealists are forever bewailing the ignorance, the apathy, the lack of genuine spirituality among the Catholic masses?

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Relic of the Middle Ages

At least, these questions are worth asking. May it be that a policy, fixed in another age, is being followed beyond the point where it is socially salutary? The Roman Catholic Church is, I believe, the greatest conservative force in the world. Without its tenacity and strength, exhibited for centuries, in maintaining the good of past ages, the Bible, Christianity itself might have been lost. Yet the tendency to cling to what has worked well in the past may be carried too far.

At one period in the Church's history, celibacy of the clergy was socially beneficial — at times, in fact, imperative. There was a day when being a Christian was dangerous. The believer never knew when he might be marched off to be burned at the stake or racked by a thousand and one torments. In those days, when the practice of celibacy, although not mandatory, was thought desirable and recommended by the Saints, it was of practical value that the minister of religion be unhampered by family ties. For he who might be called to lead his followers to martyrdom must not be forced to think of wife or child when faced with imprisonment or death for fidelity to his faith.

Later, when Christian civilization was threatened with destruction, monasticism — the withdrawal from the world of united groups of people consecrated to preserving what they knew of Christianity — was a great force for the preservation of good. Although abuses undoubtedly crept into monasteries and convents, they nevertheless helped to save Christianity and much of Greek and Roman civilization. In a world unthinking and superstitious, the segregation of religious devotees seemed not an unnatural, so much as a supernatural, state: it aroused popular awe, without which communities of Christian servants might not have been spared nor their houses regarded as sanctuaries. Besides, communal religious life is difficult enough without the complications of family life. No wonder marriage was prohibited within convent and monastery walls, when any disorganizing force within these walls was a social menace. Too much depended upon the success of this communal undertaking to risk its dissolution through such difficulties.

But now physical danger no longer threatens the Christian. Nor is the threat to Christianity that of annihilation by force. Rather it is that of a gradual dying out, through the spiritual sluggishness of nominal Christians. Under such conditions the Christian minister may not be called upon to withdraw completely from the world, giving up all else to act as a guardian of the remnants of civilization. His work may be to help raise society above its selfishness and sloth through his normal social contacts — yes, even, perhaps, through his children. The monastery or sacred refuge may not now meet the social need it did when hostile hordes outnumbered even the nominal believers. Now scoffers and weak-kneed Christians may better be met and influenced on their own grounds.

A Psychological Fallacy

My belief that a normal way of life for Catholic priests would be likely to raise present-day religious standards is upheld by rather recent psychological developments. Reliance upon complete control of the sex instinct to strengthen the will power is, in general, based upon a psychology now discarded. Centuries ago, as we have seen, celibacy of many Christian devotees was well-nigh essential. Unconsciously, perhaps, the individual who renounced everything for religion experienced a sense of exaltation in following a mode of life obviously of use to society. This sense, whether vague or poignant, must have yielded satisfaction and served as a compensation for having made a sacrifice. After the need for an unmarried clergy passed, the Church authorities, as is always their wont, clung to the practice bred of necessity. They did not see that, with the necessity for complete sexual suppression no longer present, the compensations arising from a socially useful life could no longer be depended upon to overcome the dangers always incident to frustration of basic instincts. Worse, they did not see that, because sex desires are profoundly fundamental, their normal working out in life should be interfered with only under the gravest necessity — a circumstance which had ceased to exist along with the Middle Ages. Authorities defended the practice of celibacy as wholesome "discipline" — firmly believing that, if a man or

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a woman resists all sex impulses, he or she thus becomes stronger to resist other lures of the "world."

So deeply is this notion rooted in the Catholic tradition that some Catholic philosophers to this day defend celibacy as a means of valuable discipline, a method of complete control of all sinful desires in a religious devotee. Catholic controversialists still present such an argument doggedly and naïvely. Do they not know of the revision of psychological thought, since the discovery that a very intricate nervous system, highly organized to control different modes of conduct, regulates the behavior of every human being? Each set of nerves has its particular and definite function and works in determining an individual's response to only a certain kind of stimuli. The nervous organization operating in situations where sex attractions are dominant may be so trained that, however strong the attractions, the individual does not respond overtly. But training of the nerves that regulate sex responses does not train the nerves which have to do with other forms of behavior. A man may have so controlled his sex nerves that he seems to be made of stone when he is confronted with the charms of a beautiful woman, and yet, in his resistance to some stimuli, he may be a weakling. At the sight, the smell, or even the thought of whisky, he may be seized with inordinate longing and have no control over this desire. Or he may lack control over the set of nerves regulating what we call his "temper." A person with an almost inhuman power to ignore sex stimuli may be habitually ill-natured in his reactions to individuals about him. The nerves which operate to produce such displays of temper simply have not been trained as have those governing his sex impulses.

Although apparently independent, the various sets of nerves which make a man behave in certain habitual ways seem to have at least a sympathetic relationship. If great effort is made to control one particular set and there is no compensation for expenditure of this effort, other sets of nerves go on a rampage, as it were, and become more or less uncontrollable. Unique is the individual who can keep all his bundles of nerves working under the dominance of what we call will power. If a person is supernormally strong in one way, he is likely to be subnormally weak in another. At least, so say students of human behavior.

The Barren Highway

The demands of modern life being what they are, it seems to me that Catholic priests are required to pay too much attention to sex control for its own sake. At our stage of history, complete sexual repression seems to be of comparatively little value in "converting" the world. "Christian" living within the world may now be of greater service in bettering and Christianizing society. Expenditure of effort in this manner should at present be its "own reward," because it would be a fruitful expenditure, while spending the strength necessary to thwart fundamental instincts *to no purpose* frequently will result in a sense of complete futility. There is, it appears, a "spiritual" as well as a material economy. Nervous or "spiritual" force ought to be budgeted and conserved as are financial resources, to prevent a waste of human energy out of proportion to the resulting benefits.

The lives of many priests and nuns whom I know, respect, and in many cases love seem to indicate that my theory is correct. There are a few outstanding examples, which I know well, where the adjustment of a priest or a nun to an unnatural life seems perfect. In such instances there is always a dominating interest — absorption in some form of research or art or social service. But in the majority of cases the individual bears clear marks of the struggle which he undergoes in maintaining unnaturally rigid standards. Such conflict is, I think, greater in men than in women. A greater number of nuns than priests of my acquaintance seem adjusted to their lives and perfectly contented — perhaps because the sex instinct is more manifestly alive in men than in women or because it is turned into other channels with greater difficulty.

In the eyes of those who know them well, priests at middle age present a sorry picture — far different from the individuals of those first years of enthusiasm in the seminary. The average parish priest between thirty-five and fifty-five years of age appears at a loss to know what to do with himself. Performing rites and

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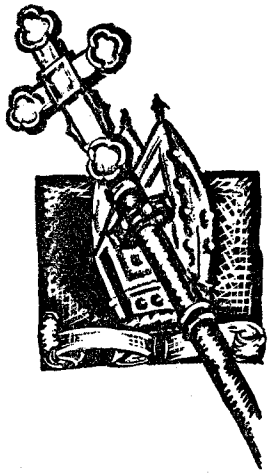
ceremonies which have lost their freshness for him, raising funds to maintain church and school (a dreary enough task at best), baptizing babies, tying matrimonial knots, administering the Sacraments to sinners and the dying, reading in a solitary house (where the housekeeper always presents some kind of a disturbing problem) do not arouse enough interest to keep the man from melancholy. He withdraws even more than necessary from the world, because there is nothing in it he can enjoy without danger of losing "control" of himself — in thought if not in deed. The world of today, with its social freedom, is no place for a person obligated to keep himself unmoved by sexual desire. Verbal portrayals and dramatizations of present-day life arouse in him dormant longings always ready to leap to dominate his consciousness: books and spectacles innocuous to people who are not emotionally starved awaken desires the priest *must* keep asleep if he is to be anything but miserable. Too often relief is sought in what we call intemperance; or an outlet for misery may be found in a "touchy temper." Of critics noting such conduct we beg tolerance. Priests, like other people, behave as they do because they are human.

Of course, celibates are not the only people who find life difficult. Some must struggle to support families under dreadful economic burdens. Some must make delicate psychological adjustments of marital situations. Others find parenthood, with its myriad problems, a heavy cross. Most Catholic thinkers believe the priest and nun do well to shun such troubles. Yet, with all the difficulties and tragedies of marriage, satisfaction and strength and sympathetic understanding and poise are frequently gained from a normal life, even though, in many respects, it be difficult. Better, perhaps, disappointment in the attempt to satisfy the marital and parental impulses than the protracted longing and restlessness which follow the eternal thwarting of these impulses. In a life of complete renunciation today there are few bright spots.

So it seems to me. Now my son is full of enthusiasm. As yet, he, like many other boys and girls of his age and training, knows nothing firsthand of longing for a mate, a home, or children. In him, as in other youths whose attention has been focused upon ideals set by others, many normal desires have been dormant. Will they continue to sleep throughout his life? Or will they sometime awaken, more robust for having slept so long, to torment him when all hope of their satisfaction is passed?

It would be easier for a mother to face the possibility that her child may learn to know himself too late, if she felt there were, under present social conditions, any compelling logic in the Church's demand that a servant of God lead an unnatural life. It would be easier if the satisfactions of renunciation could now compensate for the sacrifice, as perhaps they did in remote and crucial years. If the "discipline" demanded of the Catholic clergy is a mere matter of tradition, I, for one, rebel. Although I respect my Church for holding to much that will always serve humanity well, I must assert my belief that its "discipline" at any time should be based on present needs — not on the expediency of bygone eras.



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THE CHALLENGE OF THE GREEK

BY T. R. GLOVER

IT WAS PERHAPS between 600 and 700 B.C. that the Greeks began to have any real acquaintance with Egypt; and it surprised them. The country itself was unlike any other known to man. Eight hundred miles long and some thirty across, it consisted of a river and a delta. It was the strangest river in the world; for every river the Greeks knew would dry up in summer and become a torrent in winter; but the Nile overflowed in summer, and the prosperity of the land depended on its overflowing. Why it should do so the Greeks wondered; they guessed and guessed again; and it was some centuries before elephant hunters in Abyssinia discovered the true cause in the monsoon rains.

The things in the river were not less strange. Lizards in Greece seemed obvious and natural; the lizard of Egypt grew to be a nightmare twenty feet long — a quite impossible creature. The hippopotamus was another surprise, and we still call it by the name the first Greeks gave it — the horse of the river.

The people in their way were quite as curious; they did everything the wrong way round. Men did women's work. When they were in mourning they let their hair grow instead of cutting it off. They handled their boats differently. They had caste rules and purification laws of their own; and "no Egyptian would kiss a Greek or use a Greek's knife" — as if the Greeks were unclean in some way, like Europeans in India today.

Egyptian religion was a thing apart. No people was more religious; none spent more money or labor on temples; and yet — it became a Greek proverb, "Like an Egyptian temple, all splendor outside, and inside a priest singing a hymn to a cat or a crocodile." For the cat was an Egyptian beast, new to the Greeks and not needed in Europe, for the rat had not yet come from India. A strange land altogether Egypt was, a contradiction and a challenge to all received ideas.

EGYPTIAN CHALLENGE TO GREEK INSTINCTS

YOU MIGHT say that Egypt and Egyptian life were in a sense upside down; yet you could not say they were wrong. Everything seemed to fit in with everything else, and some things were done better than in Greece. The Egyptian calendar, for instance, was intelligible; and it was based on real astronomy. Egyptian religion had an immensely long history, and it was impressive, in spite of the worship of animals; perhaps even that meant something mysterious or true; it might. For Egyptians were the first men to teach the immortality of the soul; and the pyramids seemed to say that they believed in it. The pyramids — what other land had anything to show like them, structures immense and ageless, greater than anything man had ever devised? Yes, in the arts, too, Egypt astonished the Greeks.

Egyptian civilization had thus reached a very high level; it implied a thought-out life, a philosophy of life; but one thing after another in it contradicted something taken as natural by the Greeks and challenged Greek instincts. Of course the Greek thought the Greek way of life was right; then the Egyptian must be wrong. But it was right, warranted by history, art, and religion; then opposite ways of life may be right — how can you explain that? Egypt set the Greeks wondering, putting new questions to life, to tradition, and to themselves. Wonder, said Aristotle, is the beginning of philosophy.

MEXICAN CHALLENGE TO EUROPE

SO MUCH for prelude. Now let us look at our own story for a moment. About the end of the Middle Ages two things happened which put a similar challenge to Europe. Columbus

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found the Americans, and a generation later Cortes found the Mexicans; and the Mexicans had reached a very high stage of civilization. A people still using stone tools achieved amazing triumphs in art, working upon stone and gold. Their discoveries in astronomy in remote ages were as wonderful — and quite beyond the soldiers of Cortes to understand. Yet these people and the Peruvians knew nothing of Europe; nothing of the Orient which Marco Polo had revealed and which Vasco da Gama was making known anew; nothing of Latin, Greek, or the Christian Church; it was a new way of life altogether and not obviously a bad one.

Rather earlier, Europe had discovered ancient Greece with immense surprise and much self-questioning. Here was yet another way of life — poetry beyond anything known in Europe for a thousand years, a great philosophy, amazing triumphs of art, and endless experiment in politics. Every medieval idea, monarchical, political, ecclesiastical, was challenged at once — no emperor, no Pope nor priests (worth talking about), no nobles, no Turks: but commonwealths of thinkers, artists, and poets. They were free men, these ancient Greeks, men who did their own thinking, governed themselves, uncramped by empire or church; and they achieved intellectual and artistic triumphs which men felt to be utterly out of reach of medieval Europe, saddled as it was with kings and nobles and priests. And new thoughts rose very naturally; might not that freedom for the human mind be recovered?

Now please understand what I take my task to be here. I shall attempt to explain why the classical discipline is of value; and, to put it in a sentence, I would say, "Because it offers to us the same challenge that Egypt made to the ancient Greeks and that the ancient Greeks and new-found Mexicans did to the Renaissance world." My object is to challenge and perhaps even to annoy. Do you remember how Socrates said that the Athenian public was rather like a great and noble horse, inclined to be lazy and lethargic, and that he himself was a sort of gadfly that came and stung it and made it wake up? If now I undertake his task, I don't forget what befell him. Lord Macaulay, you will remember, said he was not surprised that Socrates was condemned to drink hemlock.

Roman Drains vs. Greek Brains

The Greek view of life is a challenge to us in all sorts of ways. We accept one another's ideas today, almost without examination; and the Greek held that "the unexamined life is not livable, for a human being." We live the unexamined life very generally; we go to the cinema, listen to the wireless, believe in peace, slum clearance, disarmament, all sorts of splendid things, without thinking about them or what they may involve — and the ancient Greek didn't care about any of them.

To begin with — he spent next to nothing on paving or cleaning his city; he had no compulsory schools; he neglected the children's teeth; he didn't trouble even to have drains. (A clever man once pointed out the contrast; it was the Roman who was celebrated for his Drains, the Greek for his Brains.)

There was no League of Nations, no Geneva; nothing like an Empire; nothing like a united Great Britain; and no Parliament in London. Greece consisted of dozens and dozens of cities which were independent states, with bits of land about them smaller than English counties. Imagine Bristol going to war with Bath in order to annex Keynsham, while Taunton joins in to support Bristol and Cardiff of course supports Bath and sends a fleet across, if possible, to burn Avonmouth and starve Bristol into surrender. It would not be unlike what you find over and over in Greek history.

In the City State itself a large part of the work was done by slaves; most things manufactured were slave made; the clerks in the bank were slaves (and very clever ones); the housemaid was a woman slave from Thrace; the very police were state slaves from Russia. A slave, they said was a tool come to life.

There were no official inspectors of factories or of anything else. Private persons who meddled with such things were called sycophants — the Greek for "nosey Parkers" and not a term of respect. Women had no votes and were expected to stay at home and not meddle. The freemen governed themselves; a mass meeting made the laws; two hundred or five hundred, picked by lot, made the law court, without Mr. Justice This or Mr. That, K. C. If there was a change of government, it was sometimes much safer for the defeated party to hurry abroad.

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What Was Valued in Ancient Greece

Think next of the ideas of the Greeks and what a challenge they are to us. Some of the very best of them valued birth; they admired wealth and physical beauty; they despised tradesmen (for niggling, stooping, cheating lives, they said, make men bad citizens); and they thought that Nature perhaps meant barbarians to be slaves. The life of the average Englishman they would have counted uncivilized, half a life. No! Not half a life: a man who lets Parliament and the town council, the trades union and the policeman control him at every point — you could not possibly, the Greek would say, call such a fraction of a creature a man.

He was not much interested in heaven — there might be Islands of the Blessed, as the poets said; but for himself he was intensely interested in this world, in Nature and her ways (would you call Nature's ways *laws?* you might, he said by and by); he was interested in the ways of man, in human life, in the ironies of life, in human suffering, in the triumphs of the human brain, of the human mind, of the human soul.

He loved beautiful things, in a way that we Anglo-Saxons do not. His jar, his cup, his chair, his temple should be beautiful. His amusements were on a higher plane than ours; he was not "flick-minded"; he preferred tragedy and comedy; he knew a good actor from a bad one, a good voice from a bad one; he hated clumsiness and clownishness; he loved grace; and the plays that he preferred to see — well, they remain the foundation of drama and poetry forever. And in one way and another, however shocked you may be at his limitations, the Greek had great qualities which shaped human life forever. You can feel, I hope, what a series of contrasts Greece offers to us wonderful moderns. How did the Greeks come to do so much, then? I will suggest four things, or five perhaps, outstanding in Greek life, which I think deserve our reflection.

First, then, the Greek was young-minded. "Ah! Solon, Solon!" said the old Egyptian priest to the Greek visitor, "you Greeks are always children; there is not an old man among you. You are all young in your souls." So they were; they kept the freshness and curiosity of the child which the English public school so successfully eliminates from the nice English boy. They must meddle with things; they can't let them alone; they keep asking questions. "A question?" says one of them, "Why, isn't a question a sort of education?" Of course they are right. If all I can do is to *tell* you a lot of things, you might as well listen to a modern politician or statistician; but if I can rouse you with a question, I have done something; you will do the rest and you will never be the same again. The wisest professor I ever knew (he was a Scotsman, of course) said that the object of a university education was to break up a man's dogmatism and put him at a universal point of view. That was thoroughly Greek. The Greek in the best days went traveling among foreigners "because he wanted to know." To know what? To know what they ate, how they governed themselves, what they thought of the gods, the stories they told, the wonders their lands produced. And then, when he knew *what*, he wanted to know *why*. "It is not *what* happens that matters," wrote a Greek historian, "but *why* it happens." If I may coin a new English word to translate a much nicer old Greek word, "wanting-to-know-it-ness" was their characteristic; wonder, as we saw, was the mother of their philosophy.

If you say this is essentially like the modern scientific spirit, you will not be far wrong; only it is *not* modern but Greek. A Greek taught that the earth went round the sun — sixteen centuries before Copernicus thought of it. A Greek said that if you sailed out of Spain and stuck to one latitude you would come at last to the Indies — seventeen hundred years before Columbus did it. A Greek was the pioneer in zoology. Darwin once said, "Linnaeus and Cuvier have been my two gods; but they were mere schoolboys compared to old Aristotle."

A Voice — and Not an Echo

My next point it takes some courage to put before you. The Greek was a thoroughgoing individualist. You can see it in the names. I wonder how many John Smiths are reading this; probably dozens, and there ought to be dozens more, if their mothers had not fancied Michael or Martin; and half the Romans must have been Marcus; and one John Smith and one Marcus is very much like

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all the rest. But there is no typical Greek name that I can think of.

The Greek was very much himself; plenty of Greeks were stupid, no doubt; but he was apt to be a voice and not an echo. "What is born in a man, that is the real thing," says their poet. "Every work belongs to him who found it." That is sheer individualism. A man is born with a brain — thank God! That is the Greek attitude. A brain: and society today thinks it progress to treat that brain like a Chinese woman's feet in the bad days — tie it here, bind it there, fetter it, and get it into a conventional shape. Not so the Greek. In his city a craftsman did a whole job — made the whole of a thing, not a minute bit to fit into a thousand other little bits made by a thousand other men; he had to think of the whole thing at once and to think of the whole thing all the time. That probably gives us the clue to the amazing feeling the Greek had for proportion, balance, symmetry, measure. You remember how Touchstone describes someone as "all on one side, like an ill-roasted egg" and says abruptly that that is the same as being "damned." How much of our modern thinking and doing Touchstone here touches off!

The Greek did better and did it with fewer aids. The closer the study one gives to the history of Greek arts (I use the plural, arts), the more amazed one is at the immense range of discovery, ingenuity, and invention implied in ancient arts and crafts; no chemistry, no state scholarships; but they went to Nature and they wrung her secrets from her; and Nature is not apt to vouchsafe ideas to committees. The Greek poet was as intensely individual as the craftsman; he, more than all men, did his own thinking, "saw life steadily and saw it whole," as Matthew Arnold put it. In politics you find the same individualism. The Greek wants as little interference with himself, from other states or his own, as he can manage. He wishes to be "autopolitan," as he calls it — a citizen of *this* city, unmeddled with by the next or by any league; he wishes further to live as he himself, he the individual, pleases, whatever the police or the laws or the philosophers say. Yes, said Plato, and when everybody pleases himself, when everybody's mind is a whole bazaar of fancies, impulses and contradictions, when no two men will pull the same way, nor the same man for two days, it is the end to democracy, and the next thing is the autocrat. So the Greek was an individual — and he also saw what individualism run wild brings in its train.

Freedom for Individual Development

The Greek believed in the individual, while we believe in committees and government offices. But it is only in the individual that you get enterprise and creation. The council of war, we read in military history, is always less inspired than the soldier of genius and more timid, too. Alexander the Great did his own thinking, his own strategy; and there at least Caesar and Napoleon were as Greek as he. The most fruitful legislation in Greece was in Athens, where first Solon and then the "tyrant" Pisistratus untied the hands of the individual and told him to get to work. Older Greeks, like some modern reformers, would not let a man make his last will and testament as he would wish; so and so must inherit. Nonsense! said Solon; bequeath your goods as you will. He would allow no fixing of the rate of interest. He meant to encourage individual enterprise and he did. He called, to settle in Athens, men who wanted to be let alone, to work and live in peace. There they should ply their arts and crafts, pottery, shipbuilding, trading, seafaring — "go to it!" They took him at his word; and in Athens, a state disentangled from traditions of the clan and of the past and not yet enslaved to inspectors and educationists, there came to be the nidus which gave the world its eternal models in art, poetry, letters, history, and philosophy; and, when Athens lost her freedom to bumbles and emperors, genius died with it.

Greek Art Still Lives

For, lastly, I come to two great gifts of the Greeks, not unconnected with those features we have already found in them. We have noted their young-mindedness, the passion to be oneself, and the freedom of enterprise. The two gifts I mean are interpretation, the eye that "saw life steadily and saw it whole," and creation. "There is an ancient quarrel," says Plato, "between philosophy and poetry" — one works by reason, the other by intuition and emotion. As we look at the

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great poets and thinkers, Euripides, Shakespeare, Plato, we see that this old battle was fought out anew in the soul of every one of them. A pity for him in whose soul there is no consciousness of this battle! But the Greek knew it well. He knew also of another war, familiar to every great artist — the ancient quarrel between law and freedom. Is art to be ruled by the past, to know nothing but the "oiled and curled Assyrian Bull?" Can it be art, if it knows nothing but an uncharted freedom, the horrid "Bazaar," that Plato describes, of impulse, freak, and fancy?

The Greek understood both law and freedom, loved both poetry and philosophy; and this double capacity gave him the joy and sense of power, the guidance of Nature's laws, and the freedom of the human spirit that enabled him to create. Socrates speaks of the statues of Daedalus; "What about them?" says his friend. "Wonderfully beautiful," says Socrates, "only they will get down from the pedestal and walk off." That is the glory of Greek art; the thing is alive. The Venus of Milo is as lovely, as womanly, as living today as in the second century B.C., and she makes you believe in women. The *Odyssey* is as good a tale as three thousand years ago, and it makes you believe in men and in life. Plato still stirs the soul, and Socrates still plays at being gadfly to this day. And certain other books there are, of the first century A.D., in which the greatest story of the world is told in mankind's most beautiful language — living to this hour, with a great transforming power. It was the renaissance of Greek studies that revealed to Europe the beauty of the Gospels, their greatness and their significance in the lives of men.

Now, to conclude. I have not told you the whole story; I have emphasized one phase of it. Egypt was a challenge to the Greeks; Greece was a challenge to Renaissance Europe; and in each case the benefit derived from the challenge was very great. I ask, do we not need some intellectual challenge today? Look where you will in Europe or America and you see a growing standardization. Russia (I speak from a distance) seems intent on producing citizens of a single type; Italy and Germany (we are told) do not encourage the multiplication of independent types. In America, I am informed by a shrewd observer, the object of education is to turn the human mind into a card index; but perhaps he is something of a satirist. Yet look at our own education: we go to schools of one type; we read newspapers of one type; as for books, we read best sellers or none; we listen to the same gramophone records, go to the same films; and the wireless (if I dare say it) is correcting the peculiarities of our accents.

The Roman Empire fell at last, sick unto death and beyond recovery, as we now see, from overadministration. Yes, you rejoin, and Greece fell, too. She did, but not till she had made an imperishable contribution to the human spirit, which never dies — no, it does not die but gives life to any people which will take it. Chemistry, I suppose, matters enormously today but I cannot see much scope for individuality or character in its teaching; there is no getting away from H_2SO_4; it is the "quantitative thinking" desired by some men of science. But no two teachers ever said or could say the same thing about Aeschylus' play *Agamemnon* or an ode of Pindar; the poets speak to the man who reads them, or they do not speak at all. Homer makes the reader's heart beat, as geometry never does; the Venus of Milo says nothing, but she makes life beautiful. That is the freedom we need — freedom of mind and heart, freedom to be the men and women God meant us to be, not the lead toys in a box that standardization produces so successfully; and, of all disciplines to set the mind free and to set it growing, there is none known to me (nor, I think, to anybody else) like living with the great souls of Greece.

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FOG ON THE SOUND

A Short Story

BY THOMAS ROURKE

You couldn't see the boat till she was almost against the dock, it was that thick. Blowing? Half a gale, anyway, the way the seas were kicking up around the spiling, the way the yachts were hopping about in the slips. The palms around the clubhouse were down almost flat, the leaves stretched out straight on the wind. You know how you get them on Biscayne Bay. They come out of the southeast first, a big thunderhead over Soldier Key, and pretty soon another makes up southwest, over the Biltmore tower, and before it's over the wind goes clear around the compass, maybe twice.

The hail comes first — great big white stones, big as golf balls. Everything else is gray or black, the whole world, and those big stones rattle on the dock, breaking up and scooting around, white as turtle eggs. Then the rain comes. It drives in, horizontal, sending whitish drifts over the gray bay, whirling like sheets of fine snow.

I heard the hail from the boat, high and thin over the roar of the storm, and then I made out the black shape off the end of the dock. I put on a sou'wester and ran out. That was the first time I ever saw Dave Moffett, and it was just like him, showing up in a storm. He was the damndest man for rough weather you ever saw. He loved it.

He could really handle that boat. You ought to have seen the landing he made. Pretty. I waved him to the first empty slip, and he came in without scraping a spile. In all that wind and sea. If he'd got sideways in that wind, with no headway, he'd been up on that stone riprap along the shore quicker than you could throw a bow line. He circled, threw her nose up into the wind, kicked her forward and drifted back into the slip, snubbed her on the forward pile, and brought her up fast, with the stern just a few inches off the dock. I helped him with the springlines and took him into the clubhouse.

"Quite a blow, sir," I said.

"It could be a lot worse," he said.

"Just land from the North?"

"New London."

That was the winter I was sailor at the Seminole Yacht Club, the year I left college. I'd brought W. T. Sloan's fifty footer down from Salem, Mass., in the fall and then I took the job at the Club. I figured I'd save enough to go back to college the next year, if I could get on a yacht for the summer.

I never went back, though. I stayed on Dave Moffett's boat for three years, till that happened on the Sound. And after that I didn't have any interest in college any more, nor anything else, much. I don't know what I'll do now. What's the difference? Norfolk's as good a place to hang around as any. I'd kind of like to ship on one of the entries in the Bermuda race. That *Dorade* of Olin Stephens. She's a honey. I don't care much, though.

II

Dave Moffett stayed there at the club all season, and he took me on his boat in March. He had a Cracker hand who was full of corn all the time and he let him go and took me on.

Dave wasn't much for fishing. He'd go out in the Stream for king once in a while but he never went out after the big marlins. He just liked to cruise around in the Keys, looking for rough weather. He had the Coast Guard planes at Dinner Key out looking for him half the time. He always took me with him when I was off duty, and I crewed for him in the sailing races.

He had Worth Monroe build him a Suicide boat — one of those centerboard sloops, of a hundred twenty-five square feet of sail, that you see so much on Biscayne Bay. I worked on

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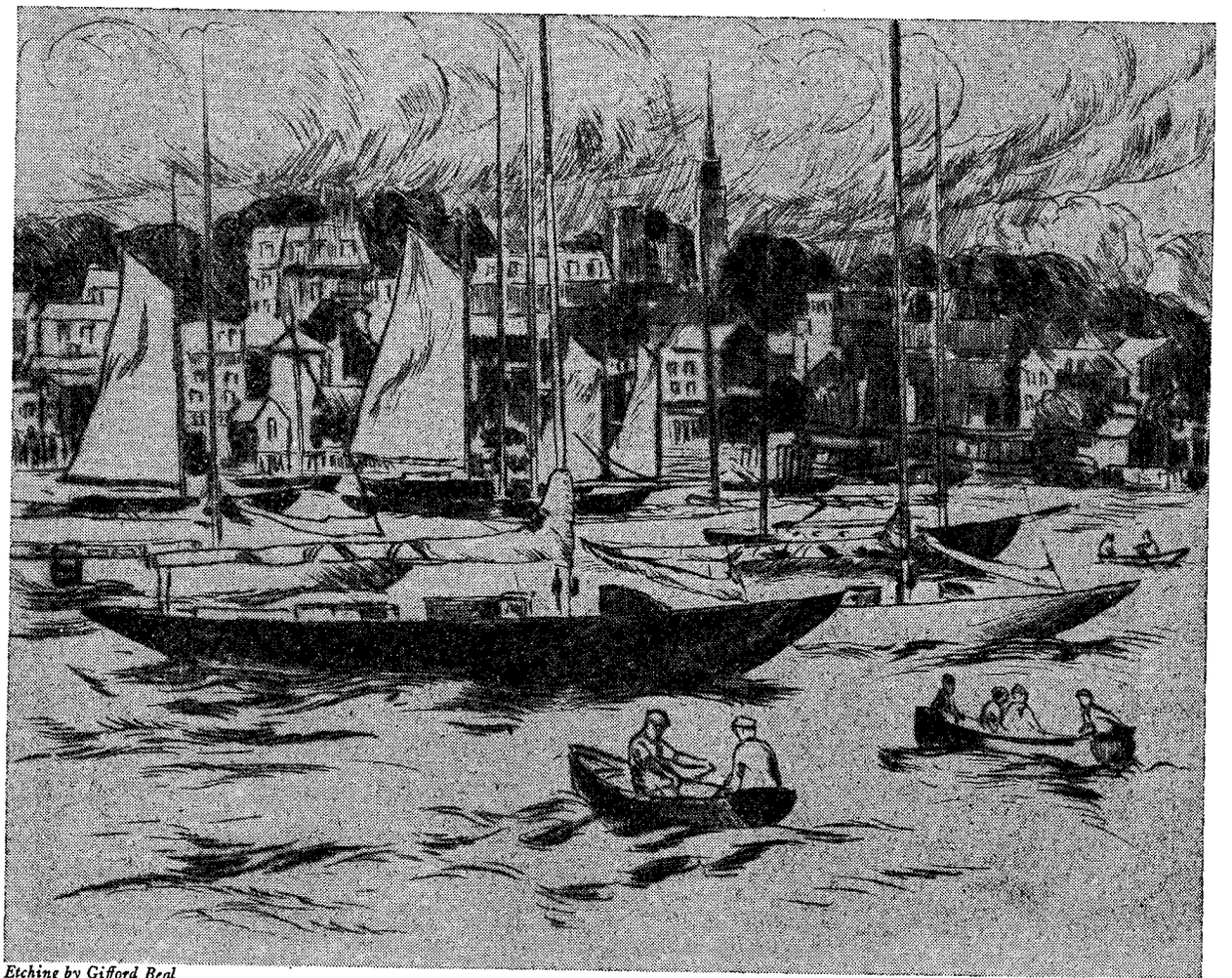

Etching by Gifford Beal — *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

the plans with him. We modified the hull — curved the sheer more and flattened it out like a scow, so she'd plane better — and put more curve in the leech. She was a going thing. Dave cleaned up with her in the Biscayne Regatta and set a new record for the Suicide Class.

When you get on a boat with a man like that, who knows boats and treats them right, you'll stay on with him. But I stayed with him too long.

I was with Dave when he met Lois and I was with them most of the time after they were married and I was with them that night on the Sound. Living on a small boat like that, you get to know more than you ought to know about a couple.

It was Fourth of July morning at the home club, after we'd brought *Lark* up from Florida. The weather was fine and calm and sparkling, and there were a lot of people at the Club, swimming in the pool and sitting at tables on the lawn, drinking highballs. We were moored out in front of the Club. After we'd cleaned ship and broken out the code flags, we dressed up and rowed ashore. Dave walked up the lawn toward the clubhouse, and I followed with the water cask on my shoulder. Old Commodore Hoyt was at a table with a party, and he stopped Dave as we passed.

"Lois," he said, "here's a sailor for you. Dave Moffett. Two real sailors. His captain, Wes Jonsen."

Dave stayed there with the Commodore's party, and I went into the locker room. I set the keg down by a window where I could look out and see that girl Lois. I looked beyond, over the green lawn, with the bright parasols and all the gay, idle people, to *Lark*, lying out there in the sun, and wished she were mine. She was in beautiful shape. I'd gone all over her after the cruise up, and her bright-work and decks glistened, and her chromium shone white over the green water. She was the prettiest thing in the harbor. I wished she were mine. I wished I could carry that girl aboard and sail off with her, out into the dancing

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water. And I knew it was Dave who was going to do that.

He sent for me after a while, and I rowed them out in the dinghy. The girl was a lubber, and Dave was quite proud, explaining everything to her. He spoke sharply to me for the first time. I'd bent a new line on the forward bitt and wet it down to take out the stiffness and left it lying there to dry out.

"Wes," Dave said, "that's a sorry mess on the forward deck."

"Yes, sir," I said. I went forward and laid down a Flemish coil.

That was the first time. He did it only twice all the time I was with him, and the second time was long afterward, after they'd been married for a year. We were crossing Buzzard's Bay in a following sea, and Lois lay below, sick as a pup. I'd chipped some ice in the galley and wrapped it in a towel and was going aft with it, through the cockpit, where Dave was at the wheel. He looked at me and spoke over his shoulder.

"What are you, a sailor or a nursemaid?"

They spent that whole first day together, swimming in the pool in the afternoon, dining on the Club verandah, and in the evening they came aboard to watch the fireworks. They were set off from a barge that was anchored close to *Lark*, and Dave and Lois lay on cushions on deck, and the rockets burst directly over them. It was a calm, clear night. The lights from the Club and the yachts anchored in the harbor sparkled on the black water, and the girl's low voice, husky and laughing, came aft to me.

We became regular parlor yachtsmen, after that, for a while. We went on nice, short cruises on the Sound, on calm days, with nice, dressed-up people aboard, drinking highballs. If the weather looked bad we lay at the mooring, and Dave stayed at the club with Lois, playing bridge or dancing. If it turned bad when we were out, we went scurrying to the nearest shelter. There were no big seas washing over the decks those days. No dirty clothes, no greasy engine parts all over the cockpit deck. We were always dressed up, and *Lark* was as neat as if she were on the floor at Grand Central Palace. But you couldn't say that he deliberately deceived her nor that she deceived him. It was no one's fault. That's just the way people will do.

III

They spent some time in the mountains after the wedding, and then I met them at New London with the boat, and we went up the Connecticut River, and Lois had a grand time. They were a fine pair. You'd never think how it would end — with Dave still loving the water and hating Lois and Lois still loving Dave and hating the water.

Then we took a run up to Hyannis and ran into bad weather, and Lois got pretty sick. Dave was a little annoyed, but he thought she'd get over getting sick after a while and everything would be all right. I knew better, though. I knew she wasn't only sick; she was frightened. I knew she'd never get over being frightened. I knew she'd never enjoy the water again.

I watched her all that summer, watched her trying to fight off her fright and her sickness, and I watched Dave growing impatient with her. There was nothing I could do. I tried to make it easier for her any way I could, giving her light things to eat and plenty of cold lemonade and ammonia, but there was no way I could help the fright in her.

She should have given up and stayed ashore. Everything would have been all right, then. She wouldn't do it though. She seemed determined to stick it out. She seemed to think she could win Dave away from it by sticking it out. She seemed to think she'd lose him if she gave up.

One time we were getting ready for a run to Block Island. We were at the dock, putting supplies aboard, and I looked at the sky.

"Dave," I said, "it's going to be rough. Don't you think Lois had better stay at home?"

"Let her come," he said. "If she gets sick enough, maybe she won't come along any more."

She made another mistake, too. She tried to keep Dave ashore, thinking she could get him away from the water that way. She never could understand that she couldn't get him away from the water, that she ought to stay ashore so he could come home to her. She arranged for week-end guests at home and planned to keep him ashore that way. He saw through it, of course, and it made him furious.

We left for Florida late in November. We

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had cold, rough weather for three weeks, and Lois had to stay below in that stuffy cabin most of the time. Dave loved it, and Lois hated it, and I could see the bitterness growing between them. I stayed with her as much as I could but I was afraid she'd see how I felt.

One day she said to me, "Wes, why do you always look at me that way?"

I felt the blood spread over my face. "Oh, I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't realize I was looking at you. I'll not do it any more."

She laughed. "It's all right, Wes," she said. "It's a nice way you look at me. I like it."

I was terribly afraid they'd find out. She kidded me about women one time, too.

"Where are all your girls, Wes?" she asked. "I should think you'd go ashore these nights."

"Yeah, Wes," Dave said. "You don't have to behave because we have a woman aboard. How about that gal in Brunswick? How about the one that brought you down to the dock that morning in Charleston in a taxi?"

I felt my face getting hot again and I was mad at myself for it.

IV

I SHOULD HAVE quit the job. I made up my mind to several times but I couldn't do it. I couldn't stand the thought of not seeing her any more, of not hearing her voice. I tried to quit once, though. I told Dave I was quitting, but they talked me out of it. Lois talked me out of it.

It was one of those times when Dave made love to Lois. Those were the worst times for me. Dave would go slinking to her, all purring, wanting a woman, and I couldn't get away from it. There was nowhere I could go. I had to stay there on the boat, knowing it was going on.

We were anchored in Lloyd's Harbor after a smooth run from Port Washington, on a calm, warm night. Lois was in good spirits, and they'd had a few drinks before dinner. All the hatches were open, and I had to lie there in the bunk listening to them, listening to Dave's purring, to Lois' low, happy laughter. There was nothing I could do. I couldn't shut it out. I put my hands over my ears, but the sounds seemed to come through; the muffled, intimate sounds. No matter what I did I couldn't shut it out, the idea of it. I kept my head buried in the pillow, and it followed me there. I went up on deck, way up forward, where I couldn't hear anything, really, and it followed me there. He hated her. That was the awful thing. I knew he hated her. I'd seen it in his eyes and heard it in his voice. And she loved him, and he was having her love, hating her. It was a terrible thing. It was obscene. It was like rape or incest. He wouldn't be hating her if she were a prostitute. And he wouldn't be having her love. He wouldn't be having that.

I suppose I slept some toward morning. I don't know. It seemed as though I didn't sleep at all. Long after the boat was quiet, long after they'd gone to sleep I imagined it was still going on. I imagined it was going on all night.

Early next morning I was mopping the decks before the dew could dry. Dew is better for mopping than water. Dave came up, whistling.

"Dave," I said, "I'm going to leave when we put in to Port Washington."

"Leave? What are you talking about? What do you want to leave for?"

"Well, I can't keep at this always. I may go back to college next fall and I want to go home to Halifax for a while, first."

"Nonsense," Dave said. "You won't lose out by sticking to me. Forget it. You can run up home for a couple of weeks in September. Lois!" he called, "Wes is talking about quitting. Come here and talk him out of it."

Well, that's all that came of it. She came up and talked to me in her low, husky voice and smiled at me, and that's all that came of that idea.

Lois was going to have a baby that summer, but something happened, and she lost it. She had a lot of bad spells after that — real bad spells, not just seasickness but some kind of awful griping that left her white and shaky. Dave didn't take it half-seriously. He half believed it was another trick to keep him ashore. That goes to show how well he knew her.

She did talk him out of going to Florida that winter, though. That's one of the reasons we got caught in the fog. He resented giving in. It irritated him, and he took it out by going out week-ends long after the season was over, when all the yachts were put up and you get those fogs on the Sound.

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V

It was the worst fog I ever saw. It choked you. It was almost as if you were under water, as if there wasn't enough air to breath. When Dave shook me awake and I opened my eyes, the electric light in the cabin looked like a little yellow point away off somewhere, and he was just a black mass that moved around in a blur. It must have been about four o'clock in the morning.

"Lois says she's sick," he said. "We'll have to make a run across to Mayport." He stressed the word "says" very slightly, but otherwise there was no annoyance in his voice; there was a cheerfulness, rather. He would be annoyed a little at Lois, I knew, but he would be eager for this dash across the Sound in the fog. It was the kind of thing he loved. He would be almost grateful to her for the chance, if he could forgive her weakness. A run across the Sound ordinarily was nothing to him; it was boring, even; but now, with a fog like that and the Sound alive with tugs and liners coming down from up East, there was sport in it.

"I'll warm up the motor," he said, "and you make some coffee."

The flame of the galley stove sent a little warmth spreading through the boat, taking the damp chill out of the fog, and the smell of the coffee bit into the muggy taste of it. I took the first cup into Lois and put it on the table beside her bunk. Her face looked very white and drawn against the short, black curls on the pillow. She opened her eyes, and I could see how blue they were, even through the thick curtain of fog, yellow from the cabin lights.

"Is it very bad?" I asked.

"Pretty bad," she said. "Worse than the other times."

I knew she wouldn't say that to Dave. She'd tell him it wasn't much, so he wouldn't be annoyed, but she'd tell me the truth.

I raised her head from the pillow and held the cup to her lips.

"That tastes good," she said.

"Wes!" Dave called from the cockpit. "Let's go!"

"Go on, Wes," Lois said. "I can hold it myself."

I lumped the pillow behind her head to hold it up and went up on deck. The engine was purring smoothly, and I went to the bow to raise the anchor, feeling my way along the catwalk. Lord, it was thick out there. You could barely see the riding lights right beside you.

"All set," Dave called, and I felt for the cable and brought up the anchor. The boat moved slowly into the fog, and I stood at the bow, casting the lead, calling out the depths as we felt our way out of the little harbor.

There wasn't a breath of air stirring. The water was smooth as oil, and we went along as evenly as a toboggan over hard snow. The moaning of the foghorns came out of the dark from all sides — the deep, regular one from Plum Island, the sharper one from Orient Point, the medley of fainter ones from craft on the Sound.

When we'd cleared the bar at the harbor entrance and were in deep water, I went aft to the cockpit.

"Take the wheel," Dave said. "Hold her where she is till we pick up the flashing light."

I noted the compass course and held her on it, looking ahead through the open windshield to catch the first gleam of blinking red through the fog. Thick, yellow clouds drifted through the cockpit, hanging in the air like layers of cotton. Dave bent over the chart table with his dividers and parallel rule and pencil, whistling silently. He began to figure aloud, his voice intent — gay, even.

"Let's see. What time is it?" He glanced at the chronometer. "Five fifteen. From the flashing light to the bell buoy at Mayport is nine miles. We'll have to go slow. At seven-fifty revolutions we'll make four miles an hour, with the sea smooth as this and no wind. Four into nine, two and a quarter. Two and a quarter hours. Five and a quarter, two and a quarter, seven and a half."

I thought I heard a slight sound from below, a sound of pain. I wanted to leave the wheel and go down but I didn't dare interrupt Dave, and he didn't seem to hear anything. He went on with his figuring, sort of singing it aloud.

"Seven and a half, seven thirty. Seven thirty we'll pick up the bell buoy."

I made out the flashing light ahead, just a tiny gleam, but I knew it was very close, with that fog. I swung off the course to clear it, and it went by us fast, because it was so close.

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"Let's see," Dave went on. "Southwesterly course, our compass correction is point and a half west."

I was straining my ears for a sound from below, hoping it wouldn't come.

"Southwest by west. Point and a half. West southwest, a half west. That's our course. Put her on it, Wes. West southwest, a half west till seven thirty, at seven-fifty revolutions. We'll shut off the motor at seven thirty and listen for the bell. We'll see how good we are. We'll see how good we are at dead reckoning. Here, Wes, let me have the wheel."

VI

I TURNED OVER the wheel and went below quickly, before he could stop me. I knew he'd want me beside him all the time.

She looked just the same. She was lying back with her eyes closed, and the coffee was on the table, only half-drunk. She opened her eyes when I stepped into the cabin and smiled very weakly.

"Shall I get you hot coffee?" I asked.

"No thank you. How soon will we be there?"

"About three hours. We have to go slow on account of the traffic on the Sound. Do you have much pain? Did you make a sound a while ago?"

"I don't think so. I had a pretty bad pain, but it's better now. I hate to cause all this but I really think I'd better see a doctor."

"Of course. Try to sleep. Shall I get you some whisky or aspirin?"

"No thanks. I took a lot of aspirin."

"Shall I put the light out?"

"No." She spoke quickly. "I'd be more frightened in the dark."

It was the first time she had ever admitted being frightened. I knew she wouldn't have said that to Dave. She would never have admitted it to him.

"I've always known you were frightened," I said. "Ever since the first trip to Hyannis."

"Yes, Wes, I know you did."

"Wes!" Dave called. "You'd better come up. We need all the eyes and ears we've got."

The foghorns were sounding all around us. You had to strain to pick out the near ones and the ones that sounded ahead. Dave watched the compass and blew our own horn every few minutes, and I watched out on all sides and listened. There was no sensation of motion at all in the glass-enclosed cockpit. We might have been sitting still in a dimly lighted cell. You wouldn't know you were moving but for the purr of the motor and the needle of the tachometer holding steady on seven hundred fifty.

"Sounds like a horn dead ahead," I said.

"Yes. Watch close for the lights."

The lights appeared, dim and yellow, dead ahead, a string of them above us and the mast above the string and the red port light.

"She's a liner, going south," I said.

Dave put the wheel over, and we passed close astern of her, her hull looming black over us, her propeller pounding the water at our port beam. She was going slowly, feeling her way, and we rocked gently through her wake.

Dave laughed. "I'd hate to bring up against that one," he said. He put *Lark* back on her course.

It was growing lighter now. You couldn't see any better, but the black out ahead and all around was turning to silver gray, and it was comforting somehow. There had been no breeze with the dawn, and there was little chance of the fog clearing till the sun burned it off, toward noon.

I heard a slight noise from below, faint, choking gasps that you wouldn't hear if you weren't straining for sounds from down there. Dave hadn't heard them. He was intent on the compass, his lips puckered in the silent whistle that was a habit of his when he was enjoying a close finish in a race or taking *Lark* out through some bad breakers.

"I think Lois is pretty sick," I said. "Why don't you go have a look at her."

He turned the wheel over to me and went below, and the sounds stopped immediately. I could see Lois' face when she gritted to stop those sounds when Dave appeared.

Lord, how slow we were going. We were just hanging motionless out there in that fog. I wanted to tear into it. I wanted to reach over and throw that throttle down and roar into it, tear it wide open. I wanted to get there. I wanted to get to that doctor.

VII

WHEN DAVE CAME back to the cockpit he was as cheerful as ever.

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"She seems to be all right," he said. "She says it's no worse than the other spells. We'll be there in a little while now."

In a little while! In an hour and a half. A thousand years. Yes, she would tell you that. But she wouldn't tell me that. She'd tell me the truth. She knew she couldn't fool me. She knew I watched her too close to be fooled. Well, I've got something of her you haven't got.

You've got her love, though. And you don't even want it. You don't appreciate it. You've had everything you wanted, all your life; you've had everything handed to you and you can't appreciate anything, not even Lois.

"There's a foghorn dead ahead," Dave said. "See the lights?"

"No. Slow down a little. There they are. A green light. She's going north. Port your helm."

That was awfully close. The black hull was right on us as we swung, and we almost scraped our gunwales. Her fire doors were open, right beside us, and you could see the figures of the firemen, big and black in the heavy gray, and feel the boat. She was a tug.

"Has she got a tow?" I called. I realized I was shouting. Dave looked up to the tug's mast.

"Two lights," he said. "We're all right; the barge is alongside."

The black shape was gone then, and we rocked in the wake, and my hands shook on the wheel as I put her back on her course. Dave was laughing.

He took over the helm, and I darted below. Lois was moving about on the bunk, her small body twisting under the sheet, her mouth drawn tight.

"It's pretty bad, Wes," she said. Her voice was weak and gasping.

"We'll be there soon," I said.

"I hope so. I don't know how much longer I can stand it."

"Will some ice help? Or a hot-water bag?"

"I'll try a hot-water bag. I'd take whisky but I know I couldn't hold it."

I filled the bag at the tap in the after toilet. I'd never been in there since she'd come aboard, and the place was full of the perfume of her.

She put the bag under the sheet against her body. "I feel better now," she said. "I'll be all right. It comes and goes."

Dave called. "Come up quick, Wes. There's another tug ahead."

I jumped up the stairs and saw the big shape move in front of us as Dave swung her over. The smoke was all about us, mixed with the fog, and the smell of smoke and steam filled your lungs. I put my head out of the cockpit and looked up at the tug's mast. There were three lights showing dimly up there in the gray.

"Hold her over!" I called. "She's got a tow behind!"

"Watch for the hawser!" Dave called.

The tug slipped by us, and I strained out into the fog for a glimpse of the hawser. If we fouled that thing! I heard it, splashing in the water.

"I hear it! There it is to starboard! Keep her over! Further!" I saw the big cable curving into the water, slacking and tauting, splashing through the water, right beside us.

"Hold her over! The barge will be on us!" It seemed as though I'd never see that barge. I lost the cable. But that barge! Where the hell was that barge? It ought to be right out there.

"There it is! Over there. I hear it."

I heard it swishing through the water, moving past us, too far away to be seen. We'd cleared it with a good margin.

"What's the matter, Wes?" Dave said. "You're not shaky are you?"

Back on the course: west southwest, a half west; turning up seven hundred and fifty; crawling through the fog; making four knots. Blowing the horn every two minutes; listening and staring into nothing; watching the chronometer; listening for sounds from below. Dave bending over the chart with his pencil. If he'd stop that damned silent whistling! If he'd show a little concern in that mug of his!

"I'll allow five minutes for the delays when we changed our course," he said. "We'll kill the motor at seven thirty-five."

Aiming at a pin point. A nine-mile shot at a pin point. If you overshot or fell short, you missed.

VIII

THE TIME PASSED, somehow. The hands of the chronometer crawled around; together at six thirty-five, spreading apart, farthest apart at seven five, making a straight angle, closing up again, slowly, coming together again. The

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motor purred, and the foghorns sounded, and the hands crawled around. The lights in the cockpit didn't show at all now in the thick, white fog of daylight.

"Seven thirty-five, Dave," I called. My voice sounded very shaky. If you overshot or fell short, you missed.

"Kill the motor!"

The swish of water died out as we lost headway, and then there was no sound at all. No sound anywhere. You weren't listening for foghorns, and they made no sound for you. You were listening for a bell, and there was no bell. If you overshot you missed and if you fell short you missed.

"The bell wouldn't ring in this water," I said. We were as still on the water as in drydock.

Dave climbed out of the cockpit and went forward on deck. I couldn't wait any longer and I dashed below to Lois' cabin.

She was lying very quietly, with her eyes closed, breathing lightly. I couldn't see her as well as I could before, when it was dark and the lights cut into the fog. It was gloomy and damp there in the cabin. I sat beside her and put my hand on her forehead. The drawn lines had gone out of her face, and she seemed to be resting easily.

Then everything happened at once. First there was a hard bump, that shook the boat, and the loud clang of the bell. Then there was Dave's voice, shouting. Then Lois' face, changing. The lines tightened around her mouth, the lips pulled back from the teeth, the air came out in short gasps. I couldn't make a sound. I couldn't move or make a sound. I couldn't shut up that idiot on deck. He was shouting at the top of his voice. She seemed to rise in the bed, drawing back her teeth from her lips, sucking in the air in those short, fast gasps. He was shouting like an idiot.

"We hit it! We hit it! Wes, we hit it on the nose!"

Shut up you idiot. She's dying. She's dying, I tell you!

"Right on the nose! We *bumped into* the buoy!"

Shut your damned face! She's dying! I never saw anyone dying before but I know she's dying! I can tell; I could always tell everything about her.

"It was right under our bow, and we didn't see it! It rang when we bumped it!"

Don't you come down here. She's dying. Don't you dare come down here. We don't want you down here.

She stopped gasping then, stopped breathing altogether, and the lines softened in her face. Dave came climbing into the cockpit, babbling like an idiot, laughing.

"Bumped into it! Can you imagine that? How's that for dead reckoning, Wes? Who'll ever believe that?"

Keep out of here, you bastard. You killed her.

"Wait till we tell old Hoyt. He'll never believe it. Bumped clean into the buoy! Hit it on the nose!"

You killed her! *You killed her!* Can't you understand that?

He stood in the cockpit at the top of the stairway, looking down into the cabin, his face gone white.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Lois is dead, Dave," I said.

That was last fall. I don't know what I'll do now. I've been hanging around Norfolk, but there's not much doing here. I don't care much, though.

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ART AND THE COMMUNITY

BY RALPH M. PEARSON

Drawing by Mabel Dwight *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

When New York City's Rockefeller Center "assassinated" Diego Rivera's mural on May 10, 1933, it fired a shot which has certainly been heard around the world of art. The reactions to this act of artistic vandalism were extraordinarily illuminating in several ways and important in at least one: they greatly accelerated the agitation for a municipal art center. More artists than ever before were suddenly jolted by this event into a realization that a state of aesthetic war exists between the uncompromising artist who insists on the right to carry out his own conception with integrity and the rich patron who wants the facts of life concealed or toned up to the romantic or "inspirational." And war, they slowly realized, has many implications.

The First Municipal Art Exhibition, dream child of Mrs. Samuel Halpert, had just been born under her efficient leadership. Mayor La Guardia had approved, the late Comptroller Cunningham had seen the vision and enthusiastically helped. The Mayor had offered an armory but refused the $20,000 necessary for installation and lighting. Nelson Rockefeller, hearing of this impasse, had offered Radio City, with all expenses paid. The First Municipal Art Exhibition was a distinguished fact, and was actually being hung when the Rivera bomb exploded.

The rich, generous, canny (for this important, City-sponsored event was not without a publicity and distinction value to a real-estate venture still seeking tenants, sufficient value, perhaps, to justify the $70,000 investment) businessman art patron had used the mailed fist to destroy the work of, and so punish, the independent thinker. At the same moment, he was inviting all good little artists to use his immense Radio City galleries, free, for the biggest exhibition of the year. And they, the artists, had to decide what they were going to do about it.

Parades, street meetings, and picket lines, for which the local John Reed Club deserves most of the credit, as well as mass meetings attended by from one to two thousand artists and sympathizers, all called for a boycott of the coming Radio City exhibition. Many individual artists withdrew their works or announced they would never exhibit on the Rockefeller properties — some to change their minds a few days later, a few to stick it out at personal sacrifice. The societies involved vacillated — then surrendered. Why bother about a principle when it hurts us? seemed to be their subconscious, if not their announced or rationalized, conclusions. Resentment, nevertheless, smoldered, and the realization grew that the City of New York should own its own showrooms — that it was humiliating to be at the mercy of one rich man in this eminently public function.

Mrs. Halpert, indignant at the tactics of certain groups of artists, had withdrawn her art-center plans — which, it should be remembered, had already won official support.

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A small group of unemployed artists (most artists at this time were unemployed), with Hugo Gellert at their head, started meetings to urge a municipal art center. The movement grew until some six hundred artists were enrolled. Letters, manifestoes, appeals to a silent Mayor culminated in a parade to City Hall. The Artist's Union developed and merged with this committee, so that some eight hundred artists were demanding action.

Then, out of a clear sky, Mayor La Guardia announced plans for a municipal art center and appointed a committee of one hundred leading citizens, including two of the agitating artists, to work out details. Mrs. Henry Breckenridge, a popular society woman, was made chairman. That is the situation to date. It is pregnant with possibilities for success and failure.

II

WHAT IS THE ideal art center for New York City or any other urban community? Can the Mayor's committee, as now set up, attain that ideal?

These are crucial questions. Suppose we consider them briefly and in relation to a center for fine and applied arts only. Ultimately all the arts, as the Mayor suggests, may be combined under one great roof, but that roof will certainly have to be built to order. For the one field we have makeshift buildings in plenty, which will do for the initial stages.

Any municipal art center which comes alive and gives the people of New York City or any other community what they most need from the arts will forcibly break new ground in the American art tradition. It will lead, instead of follow, the public taste and understanding in this field. It will break all institutional precedent and *lead*.

As leader it will initiate a program planned to liberate the general public from its present pathetic conception of art as a copy of, or proxy for, subject. It will recognize the artist as a creator of new experience organized into a plastic "symphony" of form and color, called design. It will acknowledge and teach that it is within this supreme experience of the ages, as it is used to interpret life and the mysteries of the universe, that lies the art in works of art and the aesthetic thrills for which, consciously or unconsciously, the emotionally starved American public is so hungry. Copying the beauties of nature is not creating or designing. That is one of the elemental lessons "the public" must learn before it can get back into the Grand Tradition of creative art. The democratic right of all schools to a seeing will conflict with this ideal. Leadership, however, *can* back the ideal, even while granting the democratic representation. Leadership, in other words, can act on its responsibility to lead.

The ideal art center will consolidate the excellent groundwork of government support of artists, already made because of emergency human needs, by initiating permanent government endowment of community art activities for the same recreational and educational reasons that would prompt it to endow sports or public music. It will liberate both artists and public from the domination of the profit-motivated dealer and from the questionable blessings of the private patron. It should break the cultural monopoly of the art museum and help to cure that antiquarian-mindedness which assumes that the great work of the past is the logical "source of inspiration" for the production and appreciation of today.

Witness, as a perfect example of this state of mind, the revelation by Mr. Mellon (during the trial of the government suit to collect three million odd dollars of allegedly evaded income taxes) of his "cherished dream" to set aside nineteen millions out of his reputed four-hundred-million-dollar fortune to "establish in Washington a great Temple of Art." "For Mr. Mellon felt," according to his legal representative, "that Washington should be the cultural center of the nation and *he* planned to make it the equal of Paris or London, if not of Florence and Rome, in the world of art." This colossal effrontery — this idea that *he*, the rich buyer of ancient art, could create an American cultural center — apparently went unchallenged. Nobody laughed or hooted in print — not even our official art critics, who should be on guard to protect their public against such hallucinations. That is the great American tragedy. As a nation, we don't laugh, because we have been taught to agree with Mr. Mellon. The thought that appreciation is absorbed from great masterpieces instead of generated by creative

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doing — that thought is the daydream from which any government program that deals with living art will tend to jolt us awake. If a municipal art center facilitates the jolting process, it will be a civilizing force. If not, it will be a rather tragic joke and, after all the excitement is over, we shall find ourselves exactly where we were before.

Finally, the ideal center should avoid, as a basic policy, all entangling alliances with business, recognizing that business policy in its dealings with art and artists is fundamentally motivated by profit considerations and thereby, under present conditions, is aesthetically and educationally corrupt. One of the greatest social services of a community art program will be the freeing of artist and public from the evils of this corruption.

III

GRANTING THESE general ideal planks in the community program, what are the specific practical ways and means to their realization?

Probably the one primary specific requisite for a living art center is this: its control must be in the hands of the artists themselves. Society must learn a new lesson on this point — *to back the men who know from doing, instead of backing institutions and their noncreative officials*. A radical break, this, from our present system of paying all our art money to dealers, museums, interior desecrators, foundations, and businessmen and letting artists loaf on the sidelines, watching these interlopers run their show. Society needs the creative-minded artist. The artist needs society. Unless an art center can bridge the present gulf between the two, it will fail in its main objective.

To state this case does not solve it. Artists in the bulk have the usual percentage of self-seeking, antisocial, weak-kneed, mercenary, and nonaesthetic individuals in their ranks. Also, they have a larger-than-usual percentage of selfless idealists and incorruptible workers and, generally, a few creative-minded leaders. How to insure the leadership going to those with both social and creative vision is another life-and-death problem for this enterprise to solve.

A board of directors composed of some seven outstanding creative artists, in different fields, and five laymen distinguished for their unselfish services to living art — with terms expiring annually in groups of four, so that the entire personnel would change each three years — would at least avoid the control of a clique. The matter of selection, however, would still remain.

The Artist's Union wants an administrative board elected by artists, no discrimination whatever against any school of aesthetic belief, no jury system, a free school with no standard specified. In all its statements it talks of "a municipal art center of, by, and for artists." If it has any concern for quality or the public interest it refrains from saying so. Of course these are controversial issues that breed opposition. But all important issues do that — even the perfect art-democracy it visualizes. Do we want an art center just for artists or do we want one for civilization?

The ideal program of exhibits should include the following:

One large exhibition center for the whole of New York City and regional centers for separate communities. All to be open with changing exhibits throughout the year.

Multiple salesroom galleries. One main gallery for the display of the masterworks of the day in various mediums. Other galleries for young and unknown artists. Another section to include workshops and displays of all types of crafts and applied arts, both machine and hand.

Existing art societies to use these galleries with or without juries.

Lecture halls, large and small.

A circulating pictorial-library arrangement for the rental of exhibited works.

A system of rentals to be paid to the master artists of the central gallery and later extended to all works accepted for exhibition. A method of financing these rentals, preferably by a small general-admission fee. This system would introduce to America the principle that the creative artist should receive remuneration for the entertainment value of his work.

IV

SINCE THE VALUE of a community center should be predicated on participating experience, rather than on passive appreciation, and since experience involves doing and contact

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with doers and with production, workshops, studios, and schools, both amateur and professional, should supplement exhibits as an integral feature of the center. The Mayor's suggestion of an Arts High School in this connection is excellent, provided the management can be taken away from the dead, intellectualized programs of the usual public-school system and made dynamic and alive under the direction of creative-minded artists. The free, public art classes now in operation under City direction hold little of promise for such a school or for center classes in art. They are still mainly in the old posed-model, copying tradition of the last century and so devoid of creative and aesthetic values.

In New York City the present Mayor's committee of one hundred is a possible but exceedingly doubtful means to a genuine program. Among its members is a total of fourteen artists, four of the modern, creative school and ten of the copying or academic school. If we include the arts of music and drama, there are fourteen more practitioners whose presence is superfluous if the plans are limited to the fine and applied arts but significant if all arts are included. Among the laymen there are four museum directors and two collectors who have an understanding of and sympathy for creative, living art, while three directors and one collector definitely represent the antiquarian mind. Then there is a minimum of seventeen artistically intelligent outsiders, from whom the lay directors on the board might well be chosen.

For the fine-art plans, then, we have four artists and twenty-three well-equipped laymen on whom falls the responsibility for leadership. Supplementing these with the fourteen eminent representatives of music, the dance, and the stage, we have a grand total of forty-one persons who are of the type to evolve a progressive center of the arts. Under dynamic leadership this minority could be sufficient to impress the plans with its creative vision.

As chairman, Mrs. Breckenridge has good intentions, evidently not deeply rooted in experience, which, therefore, do not have the power of driving convictions. Her greatest weakness, beyond this externality always characteristic of official leadership in a society divorced from the arts, is her belief that she must play with the powers that be — even when these are definitely decadent, opportunistic, and aesthetically sterile. This weakness can scotch the success of the plan at its heart.

The Mayor's committee, without creative-minded, fighting leadership, is so overburdened with noncreative timber that its implications, barring miracles, are definitely negative. The Mayor himself has the grand vision and the desire to "bring art to the people." But his vision of art, as quoted in a recent interview, boils down to this:

"And of what does art consist?" says the Mayor. "It embraces, in this order, literature, music, real beauty — nature, sculpture, painting, and the drama."

Can a man who sees art as the real beauty of nature ever hope to bring *art* to the people? Again, barring miracles, he cannot.

The outlook, then, for the aesthetic success of the plans for New York City's municipal art center is anything but promising. An understanding of the nature and function of a work of art, a radical change in personnel, a backing of the creative artist, a declaration of independence from the corruptions of business and from the antiquarian and nonexperiencing states of mind — all these are basic necessities for the genuine cultural program. In the present setup they are not in operation.

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HOUSE OF CALVIN

BY LEONORA SPEYER

DRAWINGS BY LEWIS C. DANIEL

JOHN CALVIN was a man of God.
How did he dare to do this thing?
Thrust down the angels where they stood
Meek side by side with folded wing;
Remove the saints that all about
Praised God; and Mary, full of grace,
In that white-candled place?

Is not my word like as a fire?
Like as a hammer?
(Thundered John.)
Of what avail these carven sticks?
These images?
And lifted higher
His hands; and dared to lay them on
The vast, inviolate crucifix,
The chalice, quickened wine and bread —
And yet he fell not dead.

Up on the altar dark and stripped,
He laid the Book, the great Bound Word,
Manifest evidence of the Lord;
Where once was light and chanted prayer,
Thuribles swinging up the air,
Rose a bleak sound, the voice loud-lipped
Of mighty Calvin preaching there;
And like a hammer rose and fell
His voice, propounding line on line,
Driving them home:
Vengeance is mine!
(He cried.) His listeners paled and shook;
He looked about and liked it well —
They say it was no pleasant look.
Woe unto your pretence of prayer!
Vengeance is mine! Vengeance is mine!
(And held aloft the Book.)

Fierce wolf of God, hungry and lean!
Down to the Church's very bone
He gnawed and crunched, licking It clean
Of ancient pomp and panoply;
There on the naked altar-stone,
Sacred and solemn and alone,
He placed the Book as on a throne.

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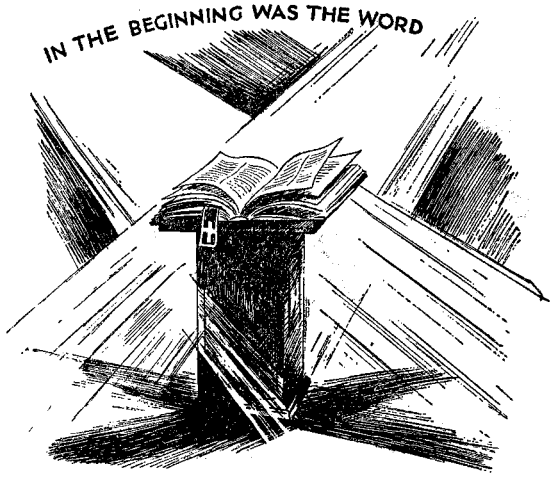
And there It lies unto this day,
Vast Testament, the old, the new,
The two-in-one, the one-in-two;
I stood and watched It where It lay.

Bereft and wondering, I stood
Who loved the lovely things of God;
And suddenly a great wind came
And wrapped the altar like a flame,
Calling God's name; calling God's name.

And this I heard and I saw this:
A light that leapt from Genesis,
And all of sound and all of sight
Were in the light; and this I heard:
In the beginning was the Word!



The Bible cried. It was one voice
From all the books within the Book;
Like wings outstretched Its pages stirred:
A tabernacle of the Word
Is this My Book. Where It doth lie
Am I. Am I.

And all the books within the Book
Cried out again. And I cried too.
I made no sound and yet I spoke
(There was a shouting in my side):

In spite of all believers do,
I do believe! I cried.
And all sound ceased and was no more,
Save for a sighing as of trees
From a far place where olives grew,
There was a Voice, a Face I knew. . . .
I was aware of these.

And all light ceased and was no more,
Save for a light above the door,
Spectral and dim, that crossed the light
Of fading Genesis:
They met —
To make a cross upon the floor.

On the bare board the Bible lay;
And I went out into the day;
And there were mountains all about,
They strode the valleys, soared the skies,
Sun glittered on each airy slope:
And like the psalmist toward his hope,
I lifted up mine eyes.

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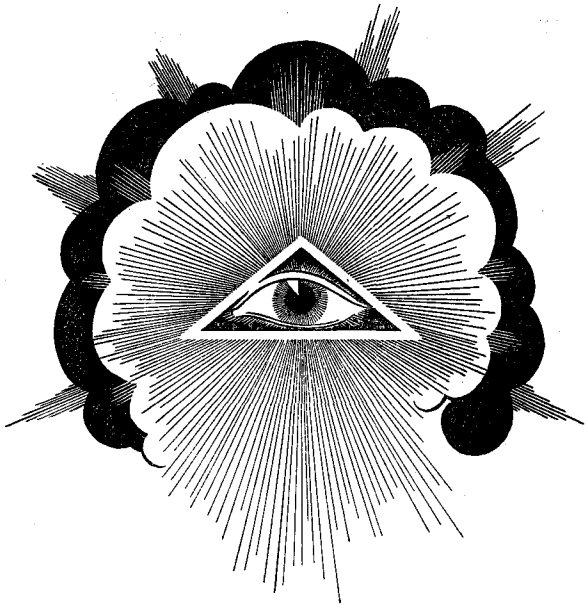
QUICK WATSON, THE CAMERA!

BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON



EXCEPTING fingerprints, the camera has caused more grief among criminals than any device in the service of police science. The "little dark box" takes a swift, unflattering glance at its inglorious sitter; *click* goes the shutter; and the door of anonymity closes forever behind the criminal who has just been "mugged." From that moment forward the millstone of his own likeness is inexorably fastened around his neck; wherever he goes it betrays his identity and, if he is a fugitive, makes certain his ultimate detection and capture.

The Department of Justice operators who shot John Dillinger had never seen his face except in photographs. But how they had pored over those photos! Every man assigned to the case was given a card bearing nine poses of Dillinger: front-view, side-view, smoking, smiling, and scowling. They scrutinized the pitch of Dillinger's ears, the angle of his jaw, the slant of his forehead — features that no facial surgery can alter or destroy. Dillinger subsequently had his face lifted, his dimple filled in, and his nose built up, but none of these dodges fooled Investigator Melvin Purvis, the man who gave the signal to shoot down the outlaw. When Purvis was asked how he dared make this crucial identification of a man he had never seen before, he replied, "Photographs showed me that the back of Dillinger's head went straight up from his neck. Anatomically, this feature couldn't be tampered with, and it was one of my strongest assurances in identifying the man we wanted."

Photographing criminals was not always a routine part of police procedure. A young man named Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner of New York City when Inspector Thomas Byrnes, then considered the greatest detective in the world, established the Rogues' Gallery by taking pictures of all prisoners who fell into his dragnet. A sleuth of the period, "Camera-eye" Billy Sheridan, won international fame by studying these pictures, then going out and nailing their originals whenever they were wanted at headquarters. Sheridan's eye was infallible: Vandyke beards, dyed hair, and the acid ravages of time were unavailing as disguises when the "Great Identifier" spotted his man. True, Sheridan was unusually gifted, but every police force boasts of some prodigious member who carries in his retinal memory the facial and bodily characteristics of thousands of criminals whom he has never seen except in photographs.

AN UNOFFICIAL ARMY

BUT THE POLICE alone cannot nab all fugitives from justice, and, as the army of criminals increases, keen-eyed private citizens are joining forces with the law in the photographic man hunt that is being relentlessly pushed by local and federal authorities. The helpful thing about photographs in crime con-

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trol is this: almost anyone with eyes in his head can remember a picture that may lead to the capture of a wanted criminal. Tests show that persons who are unable to memorize eight lines of verse in ten minutes can in half that time commit to memory and later recognize twenty-five different photographs. With this fact in mind, criminologists are making a vigorous appeal to the "pictorial capacity" of the eye in tracking down the enemies of society.

A member of the New York police force told me that the Department receives valuable help from civilian "spotters" who spend their leisure time strolling around town with an eye peeled for men with prices on their heads. One of these spotters, who makes a nice living on his reward money, carefully observes the *ears* of criminals while studying their photographs. "Ears are a dead giveaway," he declares. "They're all queer in some way, and no two alike. Show me a picture of a crook's ear, and I'll give you his right name, three fake monikers, and his last penitentiary address."

A sustained barrage of photographs, directed at the public eye, broke the famous D'Autremont case which shocked the nation a few years ago. In 1927 three men held up a mail train in Siskiyou, Oregon, shot down four of the train crew, unsuccessfully bombed the mail car, then fled terrified to the hills, leaving behind them only a pair of pitch-stained overalls. Examination of this garment revealed to experts that it had been worn by a tall, blond, left-handed, carefully manicured lumberjack; the logging camps of the region were scoured, and it was discovered that the three D'Autremont brothers, Hugh, Roy, and Ray, had disappeared about the time of the holdup.

Further evidence proved that the D'Autremonts were indeed the guilty men, but they had vanished like a wig in a windstorm, and the postal investigators handling the case could find no clue to their whereabouts. "Plaster the country with photographs," ordered Postmaster General New, and accordingly two million pictures of the D'Autremont brothers were posted in railroad stations, post offices, and other conspicuous places. Rewards aggregating $45,000 spurred the hunters; at the end of the year another million pictures were posted; still no trace of the D'Autremonts. Two years passed; then one day a soldier on furlough from Philippine service entered a San Francisco post office to send a money order. Glancing at the picture of Hugh D'Autremont, he exclaimed, "Why, that man's a buddy of mine!" Next day the "buddy" was pulled out of regimental drill, and is now serving a life term in prison.

Roy and Ray were still at large, however, and the Post Office Department ordered another flood of photographs to be loosed. This wave of pictures washed up the two men in Steubenville, Ohio, and landed them in jail with brother Hugh. As Postmaster New remarked at the conclusion of the case, "Fingerprints were of no use to us as long as the D'Autremonts kept out of custody. Our only chance was to brand the likenesses of these three bandits into public memory, in the hope that someone would recognize them and turn them in."

Several magazines with national circulations are conducting pictorial man hunts of their own. As a result of photographs published in *Liberty*, the federal authorities (known to the underworld as G-men) received tips from readers of the magazine which led to the slaying of "Pretty Boy" Floyd and "Baby Face" Nelson of the Dillinger gang. *True Detective Mysteries*, *Master Detective*, and *Real Detective* magazines devote an entire page of each issue to pictures of wanted criminals, add a reward of $100 to the price already on each outlaw's head, and thus far have been instrumental in the capture of eighty-one fugitives, more than fifty per cent of them murderers. To date, $8,100 in rewards have been paid to readers. These magazines protect the sources of their information, passing it on to the proper authorities without revealing the identity of the informant.

Camera Miracles

On at least one occasion, the camera has been instrumental in proving the innocence of a man who was dangerously near being convicted of murder. An Englishman, aboard the yacht of a Brazilian in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, quarreled violently with his host. Later, the body of the Brazilian was found on deck, his head crushed in by some blunt instrument. The Englishman, who was the only other

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person on board, was charged with murder, and, although he protested that the Brazilian had fallen to his death while climbing the mainmast, the case looked bad for the accused. Fortunately, a passenger aboard an incoming liner had taken a snapshot of the harbor — including the Brazilian's yacht — and, when the negative was developed, a queer black spot stood out against the yacht's sail. Upon enlargement, this spot proved to be the figure of a man falling to the deck! On the strength of this unexpected and highly coincidental testimony, the Englishman was exonerated.

In the office of the Division of Investigation at Washington is an uncanny machine which requires only the turning of a few knobs to select a specific photograph from the vast departmental files. This machine is an adaptation of a commercial addressograph — and how it does get the address of the criminal! Here's the way it functions: a mob of bandits hold up a bank in a Midwestern city and make off, unscathed, with their loot. All that the frightened bank teller remembers is that the leader was a short, dark man, probably Italian, and that he carried a shotgun. This rather skimpy information is sent to the Division of Investigation, where it is referred to the man in charge of the "addressograph." He gets out ten thousand indexed cards, each of which contains, in the form of punched holes, a graphic description of a well-known criminal. For instance, a certain punched hole means "blue eyes"; another, "red hair"; and so on. The operator then adjusts his machine so that it will sort from ten thousand cards only those corresponding to the description of the wanted bank robber. Cards shoot through the mechanism at the rate of four hundred fifty per minute, and the cards of criminals who are short, dark, and Italian and who habitually carry shotguns are dropped into a special compartment! There may be three, five, or a dozen of them — usually not more. The operator now goes to a special rogues' gallery of the ten thousand most notorious criminals in the United States, selects pictures corresponding to the index numbers on the cards, and sends the pictures to the Midwestern police chief who requested the information. The chief shows them to the bank teller, who can generally make a useful identification from the pictures submitted, and the police in this way discover the man they're looking for. The addressograph technique is new, but it has already aided in the capture of some three hundred criminals.

Recording the human face is by no means the only service that the camera performs in scientific detection. The fingerprint camera, for instance, unerringly picks up the merest traces left by hands or fingers at the scene of a crime. These traces, known as "latent fingerprints," are vague, indistinct markings left by perspiration exuded from the finger tips. When a latent fingerprint is found, it is necessary to dust it with finely ground aluminum or bronze powder to bring out impressions more clearly. These impressions are photographed with a special Graflex camera; they are enlarged and photographed again until the identity of the criminal is revealed by the telltale print.

Recently, a horrible crime was avenged by the use of the fingerprint camera. On May 23, 1928, four bandits descended upon a Colorado bank, killed the president and cashier, seized $200,000 and fled. Requiring medical attention for one of their wounded companions, they kidnapped Dr. W. W. Weininger and forced him to treat the wounds of the injured man. They then murdered the Doctor and pushed his car into a canyon. The only clue to their identity was a latent fingerprint found on the door of Dr. Weininger's car; this fingerprint was photographed and circulated throughout the country. A year later the four were seized, tried, and executed, having been trailed by the photographed fingerprint, which had come to the attention of a Department of Justice operative.

Beyond Human Sight

Photomicrography is the science of combining the microscope and the camera in the search for clues that would ordinarily evade the naked eye. There is no limit to the variety of such clues; new ones are being found every day, but perhaps the most dramatic use of this form of photography was made by August Vollmer, scientific police chief of Berkeley, California, when he traced some knife thrusts to a specific knife found on the person of a suspect.

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A man named Clark cut down some pine saplings and built a hut in which he lay in wait for a little girl who habitually passed that spot on her way to school. One day he seized and attacked her; he was held on suspicion when some pine boughs were afterwards found in his hotel room. Chief Vollmer took pictures of the hacked ends of these boughs, compared them with similar pictures of the boughs in the pine hut, and declared that they had both been cut by the same knife! A three-bladed knife was found in Clark's pocket; he admitted that he had cut the boughs in his room, but denied any connection with the pine hut. Vollmer then proceeded to prove that no other knife blade in the world could have cut the boughs of which the pine hut was made. He said, pointing to the enlarged photographs which he showed the jury, "With only one third of the distinguishing marks* here shown as factors, there would be only *one* chance of there being another blade exactly like this, *if every one of the hundred million people in the United States had six hundred and fifty quadrillion knives each!* Using all the marks and factors of depth, width, shape, etc., as shown on these photographs, it could be carried to infinity."

Precious gems are now being "fingerprinted" by means of photomicrography. Even the most expensive diamond or ruby has some flaw — a bubble or fissure absolutely hidden from the jeweler's glass — and, while such microscopic flaws do not affect the value of the gem, they can be used to identify it in the event of its loss or theft. A special camera with a magnifying lens takes pictures of the gem in several positions, thus recording all its defects and even measuring on a micrometric scale the distances between them. Copies of these pictures are then deposited with the police, who can broadcast them to pawnbrokers, jewelers, and police departments of other cities, if the gem is stolen. On one occasion recently, such a photograph was sent via the Belin system of radio transmission to Europe, just in time to prevent an illicit sale by international jewel thieves.

The fluoroscope is a magician's dream, a kind of "black light" camera which pierces solid matter and takes photographs of objects hidden from the eye. A high official in Washington recently received a suspicious package, which was promptly handed over to the Division of Investigation. Did the package contain a bomb or a legitimate gift? The fluoroscope answered this question by taking a picture of the wrapped package, which showed that the suspicious parcel contained nothing more lethal than a handsome teakwood gavel. So distinct was the photograph that even the graining of the wood could be determined. By using the short waves at the end of the light spectrum, the fluoroscope is useful in detecting invisible writing and in deciphering charred records. The written portion of such documents being of a different density than the fabric of the paper, the short waves reveal this discrepancy in a fluoroscopic photograph.

Shrewd contemporary investigators never fail to photograph the scene of a crime, the body of the victim — in a murder — and all adjacent instruments, marks, and potential clues. The serial numbers on guns, locations of wounds, footprints, incriminating hairs, threads of fabric, dust — nothing is too minute or unimportant to be recorded by the inspectograph, as this special police camera is called. In many states it is mandatory that such photographs be made, for they provide the finest kind of evidence.

Witnesses make more accurate and unshakable identifications of arrested persons when motion and sound are added to the usual police "stills." Raymond Moley — an authority on criminal procedure — describes the use that the Philadelphia police are making of motion pictures in identifying criminals and declares that the employment of the motion-picture camera in identification will become universal. When television is perfected, the criminal's chance of escape will be sharply reduced, because his image — magnified and multiplied — will be reproduced hundreds of millions of times and will inevitably strike some sparks of recognition in the far-flung audience. Today's camera smears the criminal's record and likeness on the screen of the public eye; it supplies the conclusive link that "breaks" many a case; and the police of the world freely admit that they have as yet found no substitute for it in catching up with their man in an open-field chase.

* *"Marks" means scratches, indentations, stains, etc., found on the blade and transmitted to the hacked bough.*

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TOWARD SECURITY

BY ROBERT F. WAGNER

United States Senator from New York

When a small and lonely group of public men began to advocate the need for social-security legislation eight years ago, most of their energies were exhausted by answering the objections of the opposition. But there has been a marked change. It is no longer necessary to prove to the American people that men may become unemployed without having been shiftless and indolent, that the aged may be reduced to destitution without having been squanderers, and that undernourished children with soft bones cannot be given stiff backbones by sermons on self-reliance. When enlightened public sentiment bursts forth, there is no need to knock over these straw men of reaction. The opponents of yesteryear have become the converts of today.

The Economic Security Bill is the most substantial evidence to date that Recovery and Reform are battle slogans written on opposite sides of the same New Deal banner. While the tragedies of the depression are still freshly imprinted upon all our lives, we are resolved to remove its lingering aftermath, to prevent its recurrence, and to provide safeguards for those who may suffer in the future from evils that the individual is powerless to prevent.

The problem of unemployment naturally occupies the center of the stage, now that the eyes of the whole world are glued upon the spectacle of widespread and protracted lack of work. But let us not forget that in this country there were never less than 1,500,000 jobless people, even during the boom era between 1922 and 1929, and that the total rose to over 4,000,000 in 1929. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that, even after business operations are restored in full, seasonal variations, inventions, and changes in fashion will cause some ups and downs of the business cycle. If we want to prevent unemployment in the future from sounding the keynote of depression as it did in 1929, we must begin now to plan and to act.

In the application of intelligence to this problem of the business cycle, unemployment insurance is not a newfangled panacea. Having been utilized successfully in every major industrial country save our own, it rests upon the Gibraltar of business common sense. It is a more intelligent way of assisting the jobless than emergency relief, because preparedness is not as wasteful as planlessness. It is a more humane way, because it preserves the dignity and moral stamina of those who produce wealth and who are expected to return to industry when opportunity comes. But its greatest merit is that it will operate to minimize, if not to abolish, the likelihood of depressions. The focusing of attention upon unemployment will tend to diminish its volume, just as the practice of life insurance has helped to reduce the mortality rate. Employers, when brought face to face with unemployment costs, will have a powerful incentive to the regularization of employment. The widespread payment of benefits, when hard times begin, will release floods of purchasing power to check the decline and swing the cycle more quickly back to the prosperity level.

If the law now proposed had gone into effect in 1922, we should have collected, between then and 1931, over $10,000,000,000 to pay out in unemployment benefits. This huge mass of purchasing power would have cushioned the depression and prevented its ravages from cutting so deeply into our economic life.

II

In a country as vast and enterprising as ours, widely divergent business conditions prevail in different sections. For this reason, the Economic Security Bill leaves each state free to enact whatever type of unemployment-insurance law it desires. It may require contribu-

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tions from employers or from employees or from both. It may set up its funds on an industrial or a statewide basis. It may, at its own discretion, provide state aid to these funds. The new measure does not ignore the unique advantages that should flow from forty-eight different laboratories in which to conduct experiments in social improvement.

But, while each state should be at liberty to act, no state should be free to neglect the suffering of the unemployed or to smother the ardor of more progressive commonwealths by the threat of interstate competition, based upon low standards. The bill, therefore, creates two powerful federal incentives to state action.

First, it imposes a federal tax of three per cent upon the payroll of every employer in the United States who has four or more workers. Against this tax, employers will be entitled to offset, up to ninety per cent, whatever amounts they contribute to unemployment-insurance funds set up by state law. Since the states will be desirous that money should flow into their own hands rather than to the federal government, the enactment of state laws should follow as a matter of course.

The second incentive under the bill is a federal subsidy of $5,000,000 for the fiscal year beginning this June and $50,000,000 for each succeeding year, to be allotted among the states for the administration of such unemployment-insurance laws as they may enact.

While great latitude is allowed the states, no state will get any subsidy, nor will its employers receive any setoff against the federal tax, unless the state law conforms to certain basic standards.

The first of these standards is that all funds created by state laws shall be deposited in the Treasury of the United States for safekeeping and management. This will give the unemployed the maximum degree of protection against local financial crises. The power of investment that the Secretary of the Treasury will have over a huge aggregate sum will in itself be a tremendous factor in the stabilization of industry. Money will not be idle; it will be put to good uses.

The second standard is that the state must administer its insurance law through its employment-exchange offices. If it has none, it must set them up. Employment offices are at the very heart of rational control over unemployment. The tie-up between these offices and insurance is the best guarantee that unemployment relief is merely part of the larger task of providing eventual jobs for all. To that task we are all dedicated. In addition, the payment of benefits only to registered people who cannot find jobs will do this: it will be the final answer to critics who, in their abysmal ignorance of the psychology of the American worker, spread the slander that unemployment insurance will prevent men from seeking work.

The third standard is that no state law shall deny benefits to anyone because he refuses to accept employment under conditions lower than those prevalent in his locality. No man should be driven to work for a pittance by the sharp lash of deprivation. While unemployment insurance should not compete with industry, it certainly should not be used to force down wages.

III

THE SECOND major challenge of today is the problem of security in later life. There are now about 7,000,000 people in this country who have reached the age of sixty-five. As the result of increases in our population and of improvements in health standards, this number is likely to become very much larger. It has been estimated that the increase in the ratio of old people to the total population will be twice as great in the sixty years following 1920 as it was in the sixty years succeeding the Civil War. And already nearly fifty per cent of our old people have been reduced to a state of bitter dependency.

The principle of old-age insurance can withstand the assault of the severest economic analysis. In this era, when the progress of invention is constantly threatening to displace young men by machines, it is infinitely wiser to make openings for these young men, who are entitled to jobs, by retiring older workers who are entitled to rest. And benefit payments to those millions of older men who are forced out of industry will invigorate the whole economic system by spreading purchasing power and by relieving younger relatives from the harrowing strain of unnecessary burdens.

Since old age, unlike unemployment, descends with unvarying regularity everywhere,

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its treatment on a national basis presents relatively slight difficulties. The Economic Security Bill establishes a system of compulsory federal old-age insurance. Every employee will pay a contribution amounting to one half of one per cent of his wages, commencing in 1937 and rising gradually to two and one half per cent in 1957. Each employer will contribute an amount equal to the sum paid by all his employees. It is estimated by actuarial experts that the fund thus established will be sufficient to supply reasonable retirement benefits to the average worker at the age of sixty-five. Special provisions are made, however, to cover those who are now so near the retirement age that they will have no opportunity to build up adequate safeguards by participating in contributions over a long period of time. It is not fair that society should deal out shabby treatment to the older employees in the future, merely because they have been so long neglected in the past.

In addition to the compulsory national plan for old-age insurance, the bill grants federal subsidies to the states for old-age pensions to people who are already dependent or who are self-employed or who for some other reason cannot be brought within the compulsory system. These grants, totaling $50,000,000 for the fiscal year beginning next June and larger amounts for each succeeding year, will be allocated among the several states on a dollar-for-dollar matching basis and thus will set in motion additional state activities in behalf of the needy. Finally, the bill establishes a voluntary federal system of annuities that will enable anyone to purchase security against the hazards of old age.

The speedy enactment of these measures will not burden industry during its battle for complete recovery. The unemployment-insurance tax of three per cent upon payrolls will not become fully operative during the next two years, unless the index of productive activity reaches ninety-five per cent of the 1923–25 level. The old-age pension tax does not go into effect at all until 1937 and scales upward gradually from one per cent upon payrolls at that time to five per cent in 1957. The federal appropriations under the bill are similarly graded.

However, it must be emphasized that the yearning for economic security cannot be evaluated in terms of cold logic or bloodless statistics. It embraces the most fundamental of human aspirations and drives its final appeal to the judgment seat of conscience. Justice does not exist when the man unemployed through no fault of his own is more neglected than machinery that is idle during the slack season. Humanitarianism is made a mockery when the worker who has worn himself out in the service of industry is given less consideration than a retired race horse.

IV

It is because of these paramount considerations that the bill invades even wider fields of action. It appropriates $25,000,000 per year for federal subsidies to the states for the care of dependent children. This money will be allotted on the basis of one federal dollar for every three dollars that the states contribute and will thus be another factor in quickening the drive for public welfare.

Finally, the bill provides $18,500,000 per year for federal subsidies to the states for maternal and child health, the care of crippled children, child welfare, and public health. While most of this money is to be distributed among the states on a dollar-for-dollar matching basis, enough flexibility is provided to safeguard the poorer localities that are least able to help themselves.

If anyone who studies the Economic Security Bill harkens back to the public irresponsibility toward misery and want that was the hallmark of government a few years ago, he will feel that we have traveled into a new world of sympathy and understanding. Of course, this bill does not reach the ultimate goal in social-security legislation. But, considering that we are exploring a region that heretofore has been a veritable no man's land in this country, the bill does embody a progressive advance almost unparaleled in its boldness and scope. We are laying the cornerstone for a superstructure in which business judgment and humanitarian impulses shall be blended in perfect proportion, to protect millions of our citizens from malnutrition in their formative years, from the agony of undeserved idleness in their prime of life, and from lonely destitution in their old age.

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OUR NOISY CIVILIZATION

BY E. E. FREE

In 1925, Dr. Free, then Science Editor of THE FORUM, made the first survey of city noise ever undertaken. Probably as a result of his findings, published in the February, 1926, issue, noise became a municipal concern in New York City. In the March, 1928, FORUM, Dr. Free reviewed the progress of two years toward its abatement, and now he brings the story up to date and points new paths for its future development.

JUST TEN YEARS ago THE FORUM began its campaign against city noise, with the noise survey of New York City, the first such move made anywhere. In the nine years since then the world has made more progress in noise reduction than in the whole previous century, since the Industrial Revolution got under way. These columns are not the place to say that this was cause and effect, but, as a former staff member who had something to do with the campaign's beginning, the author perhaps may hope so.

Two quite different kinds of noise reduction have shared the accomplishment; one is better engineering, and the other is public regulation, the latter especially during the past year.

Among contributions of the engineers are the enormous improvement in automobile buses, the new and quieter streetcars and railway and subway cars, substantial improvements in electric motors, and, most recent and in many ways most notable of all, the remarkable success of Mr. S. J. Zand and associated engineers of the Sperry Gyroscope Company in quieting the cabins of passenger airplanes. Ten years ago, high-priced automobiles already were relatively noiseless, but the automotive industry must be credited with much further quieting of the cheaper cars and trucks. Very recently there has been a swing back to electric trucks for use in cities, chiefly because of their relative noiselessness.

Several types of comparatively silent drills and hammers, worked by compressed air, have been invented. Silent milk cans and quieter milk wagons are realities in both London and in New York. An inventor in icy Russia offers silent automobile chains made of rubber. New York's Metropolitan Opera House appeared this season in a new outfit of squeakless seats. A British manufacturer announces a new silent mattress, guaranteed, in his advertising agent's phrase, not to talk while you sleep.

Among the achievements of public regulation, first place must go to the silencing of British automobile horns at night, accomplished last year by the young and energetic Minister of Transport in the present National Government, Major Leslie Hore-Belisha.

After a few weeks of preliminary publicity, the Ministry put into effect on August 27, 1934, a regulation that blowing of automobile horns in the thickly settled part of London should cease entirely between eleven-thirty P.M. and seven A.M. A single week of the experiment was enough to prove it satisfactory, and it was extended to the whole of England. Against another of Major Hore-Belisha's regulations, that of pedestrian street crossings marked by the famous globes on barber poles, christened Belisha Beacons, British motorists still are up in arms, but there has been virtually no protest against the ban on horns.

Furthermore, as antinoise agencies have always predicted, this ban was found to reduce accidents instead of increasing them. When motorists know that no tooting will be tolerated, they approach crossings and pass other cars carefully, which is what everybody admits that they should do anyway. British experience now confirms that of Helsingfors, Finland, and Stuttgart, Germany, that horn blowing in city traffic is not a benefit to safety but a detriment.

Following the success of Britain's ban, Rome revived and extended a similar rule against horn blowing, previously on the city statutes but unenforced. Paris and Madrid have fol-

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lowed suit, the latter city to the extent of banning horns, *café* music, and all other noise during the afternoon siesta as well as at night. Berlin authorities, while not insisting on a blanket ban of horns, have stiffened the enforcement of general regulations against noise.

Some unemployed statistician has figured that the sum total of noise saved to European ears during the past twelve months would be equivalent to the Westminster choir singing the national anthem day and night for thirteen million years.

Only in American cities, where the present antinoise crusade began and where the greatest steps have been taken in the engineering side of noise reduction, has there been no real effort to profit by the London experience or to reduce noise otherwise than by restraint of inconsiderate citizens. When the medals for successful noise reduction are handed out, American engineers will get a big one. American municipal officials, however, will be presented with a microscopic decoration.

II

THERE IS an excellent reason for this. Cities in the United States have lacked and still lack the active and informed public opinion needed to back up officials who do their duty against noise. A good beginning with public opinion was made in New York City five years ago by the Noise Abatement Commission appointed by former Health Commissioner Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, but these gains were not consolidated and have been almost forgotten. If I may venture an opinion, this was precisely because that commission was an official body of a few active, interested, and highly competent members, rather than a public organization of thousands of ordinary persons.

Major Hore-Belisha's success in London seems to have been due in considerable degree to his backing by an organization of precisely this public character — the Anti-Noise League, headed by the distinguished London physician, Lord Horder. The League, so far as I am aware, has no official standing whatsoever. It is a voluntary body of quiet-lovers, run by public-spirited individuals.

So far as the engineers are concerned, further quieting of North America will proceed without any new incentive. It will be done as fast as permitted by the advance of science and the recovery of business. But this will not silence such raucous results of human inconsideration as loud radios in the night, senseless blowing of auto horns in cities, and street din resulting from overnoisy automobiles and trucks. Most American cities already have police and other regulations ample to abate these nuisances. What is missing is public opinion to support their enforcement.

Not long ago there was announced the organization of an American Anti-Noise League. Just what are its definite hopes or plans has not been revealed. It will be well if they include the stimulation of an informed and coherent public opinion capable of strengthening the hands and stiffening the backbones of the many public officials who undoubtedly are willing to do their full duty in noise reduction if they can be sure that this is what their constituents want.

Noise data for New York City is more complete and accurate than for any other city in the world. Except close to the elevated railways, nighttime noise in New York could be reduced about ninety per cent by two simple and easily enforceable rules: no horn blowing and no use of old, rattling, and badly serviced automobile trucks.

At least three makes of portable noise meters now exist capable of ruling such vehicles off the streets by police test. Furthermore, such testing would make these streets safer as well as more peaceful. Even the owners of the banned vehicles would profit in the long run, since the extra cost of upkeep and operation on the hundreds of thousands of motor vehicles which the depression has kept too long out of the scrap-heap soon eats up more than the cost of new ones. The automotive industry is missing what probably is its best chance to stimulate long-delayed replacements, by not campaigning for the forced reduction of excessive noise.

A Dr. Segard of Paris was responsible a few weeks ago for a suggestion worth noting by chambers of commerce in smaller cities. Most municipalities now try to attract visitors by advertising such things as pure air or pleasant climate. Why not, asks the Doctor, make rules against noise, measure the result with noise meters, and advertise that your city is quiet?

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WOMEN IN THE NEW GERMANY

BY RUTH FRANCES WOODSMALL

When the Swastika banner gained the ascendancy over Germany, little did German women realize what this would mean for them as individuals. Today throughout the length and breadth of the Reich, women of all classes — on the farm, in the factory, in offices and shops, in homes, in schools, rich and poor alike — are conscious that the advent of Adolph Hitler has marked a new era for German womanhood. The far-reaching significance of National Socialism for German women of today is without question. During the World War and the postwar years women had forged rapidly forward into business and professional and political life. And now all this is drastically changed. Not outward but inward bound is the new ideal for the women of Germany. It is a Kücha, Kinder, Kirche movement, and through it the Third Reich is successfully removing women from public life and relegating them to the home.

In the economic field the tremendous unemployment problem made plausible and apparently necessary the replacement of women by men. In June, 1933, a regulation was passed debarring from the civil service all women whose fathers or husbands were employed. In this connection the term "civil service" includes not only government posts but jobs in all state-owned institutions, such as schools, banks, railroads, and religious bodies under the state. With thoroughgoing German efficiency a general exodus of married women from public service was promoted. For example, in Hamburg one hundred women teachers were immediately replaced by men. The civil service further adopted a discriminatory policy against women, establishing a lower wage scale for the sex and not admitting it to the service until thirty-five years of age, whereas men may enter at twenty-one.

In this restrictive economic policy against women, however, it was necessary to make certain modifications. Women wage earners who support their families are not replaced by men. Women stenographers, because of their superior efficiency, as likewise women textile workers, because of their greater dexterity, are retained in employment. Married midwives are encouraged, because they serve the primary Nazi objective of an increase in population.

What Can a Woman Do?

Under the new regime marriage is the great ideal for women; but obviously not all German girls can attain this goal, since Germany has one million nine hundred thousand more women than men. For the inevitable number of unmarried women, the professions still offer the opportunity of leading a useful life. The range of these professions, however, has been narrowly defined. For instance, a woman physician, according to the Nazi ideal, limits her work to diseases of women and children. Surgery is not considered a woman's field. A woman lawyer must devote herself to the legal aspects of domestic problems and to juvenile courts; to serve as a judge or on a jury is not considered within woman's sphere. A woman journalist finds her chief literary expression in writing on subjects dealing with the home and children or in promoting among women of the masses an understanding of Nazi political philosophy. The professional field for women will in the future be definitely affected by the limitation of the number of women students in the universities to ten per cent of the total number of students admitted each year.

The curtailment of university privileges for women is accompanied naturally by emphasis on homemaking and on the various phases of child care and maternal welfare. An increasing number is accordingly being attracted into the field of general social work, but with few ex-

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ceptions there are no women in executive positions in this field. It is natural too that under the Nazi regime domestic employment should be a preferred service for women. Last year a concerted effort was made by various agencies — employment exchanges, the youth movement, and the united labor organization — to encourage unemployed female high-school graduates to enter domestic service as apprentices. Many of them did. After a year's service without pay these girls will be aided to find permanent employment. Such a plan obviously threatens grave dangers, in spite of its potential advantages.

In its back-to-the-home policy for women the Third Reich has laid a heavy hand on their political activity, curtailing their service in government ministries and debarring them from the Reichstag, which in 1933 had thirty-five women members. But although women have been deprived of the right to hold political office, the exercise of suffrage is not merely their right but their sacred duty. For example, a newspaper last year reported that a simple market woman who failed to vote, although twice admonished to do so, was deprived of her stall in the market place and forced to wear a placard bearing her name and address and these words: "I have not voted because the safety and peace of Germany do not interest me." Such an incident may be an isolated and extreme occurrence. It is however true that German women, as well as men, do not take the vote lightly.

Not only are German women, by definite restrictive measures, being curtailed in their business and professional life and political activity, but also many are being, by persuasive inducements, effectively wooed back to the home. Especially interesting is the marriage-loan system, instituted in June, 1933, which provides for marriage loans of a thousand marks to young women in employment, on the condition that they marry, give up their jobs to men, and do not seek re-employment. The thousand-mark loan is not a cash payment but a voucher payable in the purchase of household equipment and furniture for their new homes. The loan, on a long-time basis, may be progressively decreased; a twenty-five-per-cent reduction is allowed for the birth of each child, so that four children will liquidate the loan. Merrily the wedding bells have rung in Germany as German couples have capitalized on this opportunity, sometimes en masse — as in Hamburg, when five hundred brides and bridegrooms took the marriage vows at once, a picturesque event which was filmed for the weekly newsreels.

Bachelors and maids who prefer single blessedness must pay a tax which is applied for the marriage loans. These loans, which in 1933 reached a total of one hundred fifty million marks, have furnished employment for one hundred thousand people engaged in the furniture and domestic-utensil industries. The plan, however, serves a more fundamental objective than the reduction of unemployment. From 1913 to 1932 the German birth rate had slumped to the position of second lowest in Europe. A declining birth rate is a menace to the future strength of a nation. The promotion of marriage has therefore seemed to the leaders of modern Germany a vital necessity, and the marriage loans a concrete means to that end.

A Race of Amazons

Working toward this same objective through an interesting process of long-range planning, the leaders of the Third Reich are reconditioning the whole environment of German girls and women so that their lives will be focused on marriage and the home. The education of girls is being shaped along new lines. For the great majority, advanced study is eliminated: marriage, not a university degree, is the seal of success. After the high-school course, a year of domestic training, emphasizing preparation for homemaking and motherhood, contributes toward the desired goal.

The approved standards of physical beauty likewise conform to this new ideal of womanhood. Rouge is frowned upon and is even under official taboo in some places where Nazi ideals are rigorously upheld. Since excessive slenderness is not conducive to physical development ensuring healthy motherhood, reducing diets are not in favor in Germany, and a certain buxomness is not considered undesirable. But the German girl today is not in danger of becoming a typical *Hausfrau*, since her life includes abundant physical exercise and calisthenic dancing which tends to develop grace and the proper harmony of a healthy body.

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A powerful force for imbuing German girls with Nazi ideals is the nationwide Hitler Youth Movement, with its girls' division, der Bund der deutschen Mädel. No one who has seen these bands of German girls in their attractive uniforms — serge skirts, middy blouses, and leather jackets — at work or at play in their camps, marching under the Swastika banner in city parades, hiking along country roads, or tramping in the mountains, can fail to realize their vigor and enthusiasm and tremendous latent force for the future. In their program the glorification of the home and their responsibility as the future mothers of the race is ever dominant. Toward this goal skillfully they are being led.

Less spectacular and less appealing, perhaps, but no less powerful than the Bund der deutschen Mädel for the younger girls from ten to eighteen years of age, are the Women's Labor Service Camps — for young women from eighteen to twenty-five. In these camps, which are established widely throughout the Reich, girls of different classes — students, factory workers, business girls — are intermingled without distinction of class, live and work together from three to six months or even a year, and are imbued with the home ideal, as woman's highest service to the state. Visit one of these camps for a day and you will realize how effectively they carry out their purpose of leading girls back to the home and the land and training them as mothers and housewives. If you follow the girls through their day's program, beginning at five A.M. with a brisk half hour of calisthenics and continuing through a steady routine of hard manual farm labor of all kinds, you will carry away an impression that this is no Mid-Victorian ideal of a woman's sheltered life in the home and that a generation of young Amazons is being trained for the physically fit future motherhood of Germany.

Spreading the Gospel

To the present generation of mothers the Nazi program offers abundant evidence of their importance in the state. Irresistible in its impact on mass thinking is the widespread publicity on mother and child welfare, featuring health centers and child clinics, vacation camps for children, and convalescent homes for mothers. A remarkable mass-education movement for housewives is being carried on through die Frauenschaften, the women's societies which have been organized by Nazi leaders everywhere in Germany, including the remote villages. By a uniform program of home instruction, child care, and, above all else, political teaching, the women of the masses are being made conscious of their unity and their significance as the homemakers of the nation.

For this widespread promotion of the new role of German women, the state has enlisted Nazi women leaders, who, with the zeal of converts to a new faith, have organized and propagandized this new feminism. True to the pattern of a totalitarian state, the Nazi federation of women's societies, Deutsches Frauen Werk, a superorganization, has absorbed and brought under its control all other women's organizations in Germany. Only the Catholic women's organization has retained its independent identity, protected by the concordat with Rome. The German branches of several of the strong international organizations have either been dissolved or come under the Nazi Federation. And the success of the German movement in setting up new goals for women and redirecting thousands of lives is unmistakable. The new ideals have been presented not as a sacrifice of women's rights but as a fulfillment of women's opportunities.

The New Generation in Power

One naturally inquires what has been the response of German women to this new teaching. For the great majority the present doctrine and practice of narrowing woman's sphere of action means little change and certainly no sacrifice, but rather the glorification of the role to which they have always been committed. But, for women of the middle class who were successfully earning their living in the business world or in industry, the new doctrine with its restrictive policies has necessitated difficult readjustments. How much the hard realism of their position is softened by their Nazi ideals is difficult to determine. But one can hazard a guess that the independent woman wage earner does not rejoice at being relegated to a subordinate and less lucrative post.

To the women of the intelligentsia who had fared forth and gone far in the professions and in public life, the sudden rightabout-face has

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come with a shock. The formerly active leaders of the pre-Nazi women's movements view their present position as a tragic retreat. But, in spite of the present recession of women from power, these same leaders feel that the remarkable progress of past years will not be lost, that their demonstration of what women could accomplish in public life will not be forgotten. Today these women of affairs, who have been shifted from the center of the stage to make room for the new Nazi leadership, are living in retirement. Some of them are writing their memoirs; some are taking care of their children and doing their own housekeeping; some are resting for the first time in their busy lives. "This enforced leisure," one of them said, "seems to agree with us, and perhaps we look better, for we have more time for personal care and adornment than when we were in the Reichstag."

In contrast to this mood of regret at an enforced withdrawal from public life is the enthusiasm and excessive activity of the Nazi women leaders who are promoting the new movement. Most of them are young, perhaps under thirty-five, and for the first time in positions of influence. One of them, addressing a group of foreigners, said, "Only younger women can fully understand the National Socialist philosophy." Many of these younger women are idealists, crusaders for a Cause. Some undoubtedly are opportunists realizing for themselves the advantages of leadership in a government movement but preaching a gospel which means for many women a narrower, more restricted world. This contradiction between themselves and their teaching gives a certain unreality to their advocacy of the new ideals for women.

But there is no unreality in the response of students and the younger generation: youth is aflame with enthusiasm for National Socialism, so skillful has been the exposure of girls and young women to the Nazi teaching through the multiplicity of individual and collective influences — the press, the radio, the cinema, the youth movement and the Labor Service Camps. Inspired by the Nazi ideals, thousands of young people will follow wherever these ideals lead them. They have accepted without question the authority of the state over the individual and have welcomed the opportunity for personal sacrifice in patriotic service. Their slogan, "The banner is more than death," does not call forth mere lip service. And the goals of womanhood presented to these German girls and young women has not seemed to them a sacrifice, so completely have they been imbued with the totalitarian doctrines. This is the mood of the great majority. There are undoubtedly some individual women students who are ambitious and have grave misgivings as about their futures. How long such individual ambition can be held in leash in service for the state is yet to be discovered.

The Wider Significance

The situation of German women today is of more than passing interest. Whether the new aims of women will be so firmly ingrained in the minds of the present generation that these beliefs become permanent is a matter of concern not merely for Germany. Aside from the question of the future of German women, one wonders of the effect of the movement in other countries. In our interrelated world of today, no cordon of thought can be established by which the Nazi philosophy can be isolated.

The influence of Nazi Germany may not even be limited to the economic status of women in Europe. It may have wider repercussions on the movement toward social freedom for the women of Asia. During the past decade Eastern women, following the example of women in the West, have been outward bound. Whether the back-to-the-home slogan in Germany will now retard the forward movement of women in the East is a question for serious reflection. From a young Turkish woman comes the significant comment that the German movement will not affect the women of Turkey, since modern Turkey is not following the ideals of National Socialism. Equally interesting is the opinion expressed by an Indian woman leader: "The East is less likely than the West to be influenced by the German women's movement, since this represents an extreme and the West is more susceptible than the East to extreme movements. We shall still continue to try to bring our women out of the home, even though you may follow Germany's example and turn them back again into the home."

Whatever may be the ultimate effect of the

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German women's movement either in the East or the West, it will probably make the common contribution of extreme movements. It will challenge explorative thinking on the position of women in the modern world. Two philosophies are brought into sharp contrast — aggressive, militant feminism and the passive acceptance of the domestic sphere. The Nazi charge against the former feminist movement in Germany, which one is inclined to believe is not justified, is a charge against the typical feminist movement of an earlier period in other countries. Whether justified or not, such a competitive feminism is out-of-date. It is neither timely nor consonant with the harmoniously orchestrated world which is the goal of the present day. But the other extreme, the 1934 model of feminism in Germany, is also outmoded, an anachronism in a modern world. Somewhere between, on the one hand, militant feminism, which struggles violently for identical rights and privileges for women, and, on the other hand, supine acquiescence, which accepts the narrower sphere as inevitable, must be the golden mean.

The women's movement in the new Germany makes it clear to women in other countries that it is necessary to decide whether or not there is a fundamental conflict between the creative activity of women in the home and their creative participation in economic life and public affairs. This will answer the question as to whether the Hitler régime means an advance or a retreat for German women.

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DESIGN FOR PEACEFUL LIVING

BY MATHILDE POTTER AND MARJORIE DOBBINS KERN

It was May on the Riviera when I first laid eyes on a small white house blossoming by the side of the road in an acre of terraced flowers and vegetables and fruit trees. There was a cherry tree blooming over the door and a pool beneath the cherry tree, and the combination of circumstances was too much for human nature to resist. An unexpected nostalgia raised a clamor inside me that changed the course of my life. I walked in the gate and demanded of the peasant couple working on the land if the place could be bought.

Be it said in justification that I was a lone woman, traveling to get away from a sophisticated home life grown stale, and had reached a stage where I was ripe for change. When I left the United States for a year abroad nothing was further from my mind than buying a home in France, but so acute was my need for finding a new mode of living that when a vista opened in front of me I did not hesitate.

The vista developed while I was wintering at Cap Ferrat, when I set out one day on one of those near-to-heaven journeys in the hinterlands of the Alpes Maritimes, to spend the night at Vence. The night turned into ten years, with some breaks for trips away. The ancient village of Vence, high-perched on a gray-walled promontory, laid a hand on my heart before I had been in it twenty-four hours. In the winding, buttressed streets one smelled the breath of centuries and centuries. One smelled too the fragrance of uncounted thousands of roses and jasmine and orange blossoms, for Vence is close to Grasse, the focal point of the perfume industry in France. In the hotel where I stayed roses leaned in my second-story window all night long. The air was still and full of peace; I slept like magic. The next morning on the way down the hillside I fell in love with my little stone house over the wall.

Les Oiseaux, as I named my cottage, stood for something else in my mind besides a shelter over my head. It stood for a way of living I had not before experienced. My life in America was typical of that of many American women — confused and crowded and restless, lived at an appalling tempo. In the debutante and post-debutante years, when the days of the women I knew were a succession of entertaining and being entertained from morning until the small hours of the next morning, such a thing as mental quietude was for us never within the range of possibility. We had no time to collect our thoughts; we were in truth unable to think. Thousands of us caught in the same mill, irritable and nervous and exhausted in body and mind, believed we must be constantly "on the go." Borderline cases of neurasthenia we were, waking up in the morning more tired than when we went to bed at night, because even in sleep our minds were in a state of perpetual motion. We did not know in those days that mental rest is as important for the tired body as physical relaxation; we never recognized then that life has its season of relaxation as well of activity, its rhythm of silence, as of sound.

Here in the South of France I saw my opportunity to go apart and be quiet for a while, to cultivate the art of resting the mind. Here it would be easy for me to leave my old world behind, to move into the new one of these country people, close to nature and its physical simplicities. I wanted to work in the soil with my hands, to take time to see the beauty in the bloom on a peach, to feel the softness of a rabbit's fur. Here I saw myself raising chickens and pigeons, vegetables and cherries and figs and roses. Here I would gather my harvests and store them and sell them. I would go to bed early, have a *pot-au-feu* of vegetables for supper, and sink into the peaceful rhythm of the slow earth seasons.

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II

HAVING PERSUADED the wine merchant who owned the house to part with it, I proceeded to make it over to fit my requirements. It was not lived in, in common with many of the country cottages whose owners live in town and go out to farm their land only during the day. There was a kitchen where the chickens and rabbits spent their nights, a room above where the crops were stored and the vegetables dried, and no sanitary conveniences. I got in touch with an entrepreneur, told him what rooms I wanted added, their dimensions, and where I wanted them put. With difficulty I persuaded the peasant couple to move the chickens and rabbits out of the kitchen so it could be used for culinary purposes, placed a living room next to it on the foundation of the water reservoir, and added two bedrooms. Plumbing was installed, a hot-water system, and steam heating — as the tile floors were very cold. For furniture, I visited the street sales in the town and picked up provincial pieces second hand.

While the building was going on I was on the job every day, supervising the work, correcting on the spot such mistakes as occurred. This was excellent exercise for my French, incidentally; I can recommend no better way to increase one's vocabulary than to build a house and carry on all transactions with the workmen in their native language. Numbers of my friends were convinced of my rashness, and complications did occur of course. But when the workmen had drunk extra wine, to celebrate the completion of the house, and the flags of all nations were flying from the roof, I found myself moving into a livable habitation and was content.

I learned something, too, from these workmen, who had the rather surprising philosophy of not allowing their work to interfere with their enjoyment of life. Pay apparently meant nothing to these men, the most serious business of life being the celebrating of fêtes. During the summer months in particular, when all work stopped while the Fête of Sainte Elisabeth, the Fête de la Sainte Vierge, etc., etc. ran for three and four days each, they would scarcely have recuperated from one celebration before another was upon them. No greater contrast could exist with the businessmen of our own country, who are such slaves to work that they have forgotten how to play and make of money an end in itself instead of a means toward civilized living.

After the house was finished, I arranged my ménage to carry on the traditional activities of the people about me. Rabbits, chickens, pigeons, a few parakeets and canaries, a dog, goldfish in the pools constituted my "livestock." My crops were surprisingly large and varied, thanks to European methods of intensive cultivation. My olives, carried in baskets on donkeyback to the community mill, were ground into eighty gallons of olive oil, half of this going to the peasant who picked the trees for me. My figs were dried on stretchers, my cherries put up in alcohol. Under the tutelage of the peasants my grapes were made into wine. I had oranges of the bitter variety, grown for the perfume of their blossoms; the rind of the fruit was used, too, for orange cordial. The roses, of which I had over two hundred bushes, were also used for perfume. In May, sheets were placed on the ground to receive the flower heads, and the bundles of petals transported during the night to Grasse. In December and January the roses themselves were sold, to be shipped to the markets in London, Paris, and Berlin. I had a full quota of vegetables and flowers, some of which were sold locally or, more correctly, bartered at a little shop on the *place* of the post office.

For ten years I lived in Vence, working in my garden and harvesting my crops. Days went by when I spoke no word of English. For company I had my *femme de ménage*, who arrived each morning with her market basket on her arm, her tongue full of *histoires* about the doings of the villagers. I made friends with the people of the village and exchanged visits with the English families of the neighborhood.

During these years the seasons passed with silent pace; the flowers were gathered, the grapes were made into wine, the figs were laid to dry. Noise and confusion vanished from my life. I discovered that happiness is a slow thing and takes a while to realize itself. I found in myself a new awareness and delight in beauty; a saner understanding of values; a tinge at least of philosophy. Finally, the whirling universe began to steady beneath my feet.

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FUNERALS WITHOUT FLOWERS

BY ALMA HEDIN

The Editor of THE FORUM has many friends in Sweden. When some friend there passes on, he cables flowers to the family through the good offices of the Secretary of the Swedish-American Foundation, in Stockholm. Often, however, the family of the deceased requests that, instead of flowers, a donation be made to "Alma Hedin's Foundation." The author of this article, who is the sister of Sven Hedin, the explorer, is the originator of this sensible substitute for flowers at funerals.

IN HER SPIRITED article, "Decent Christian Burial" (THE FORUM, April, 1934) Marian J. Castle attacked the extravagance attending funerals. She showed how sums spent on celebrating the dead — for flowers, tombstones, pomp and ceremony — often impoverish the living families of the deceased. She wisely inferred that the dead might be happier if the funds showered upon their bodies were used instead to brighten the lot of the living. If I may judge from the letters published in your "Rostrum," Mrs. Castle's sensible suggestion has met with general approval, even from undertakers and florists.

In our practical age it seems an anachronism to surround death with frippery. It is more in the spirit of the times to seek the simplest and at the same time the most dignified memorial for those we have loved or admired. In Sweden a long step in this direction was recently taken by the Swedish Cremation Society when it organized a funeral insurance. The Cremation Society takes charge of all funeral arrangements, which are the same for every individual. It operates at cost without profits. Payment can be made to the Society at any time during the lifetime of the insured, and — as in life insurance — the premium is smaller for the young than for the old. The highest premium is paid by those who are over seventy years old, and is about $75 in all. This modest sum provides for a dignified funeral of a kind that would otherwise tax heavily the resources of the bereaved family, especially when the deceased happened to be the breadwinner.

Here in Sweden we have a means of dispensing with flowers at funerals. I shall endeavor to describe briefly the institution that we have established as a substitute for flowers, in the hope that some of my American readers may wish to do something of the same nature. We have not, of course, abolished the beautiful custom of sending flowers but are endeavoring to keep it within reason.

In May, 1921, an organization called The Flower Fund was formed in Stockholm with the purpose of finding a way to honor the dead "in a more worthy and more lasting way." The membership roll was signed by governors of several provinces, by Archbishop Söderblom, by men prominent in political life, and by authors and poets. The opposition to its program by florists led, of course, to newspaper discussion and general publicity. We all wish to show our sympathy for the living and our esteem for the dead. How can this be done better, said the florists, than by sending flowers? What other way have we of conveying our feelings with tact and delicacy? What can please and comfort the bereaved family more than a long row of carriages filled with wreaths? Indeed the number of floats of flowers frequently is regarded as a measure of the popularity of the deceased.

The sponsors of the Flower Fund proposed that, instead of sending an expensive wreath, the friends and admirers of the deceased should remit the money to the office of the Fund, which would then send a message, either expressing at some length the affection, admiration, or gratitude of the sender or simply bearing the words "In memory of" with the name of the dead and that of the giver. The amount was to remain a confidence between the donor

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and the Fund, although the bereaved family could, if it so desired, learn the total of the sums received.

It was decided that the money received in this way should be applied to buying or building houses with small apartments for old people in straitened circumstances. The rents were to be very low, and the inmates would receive care in the case of illness.

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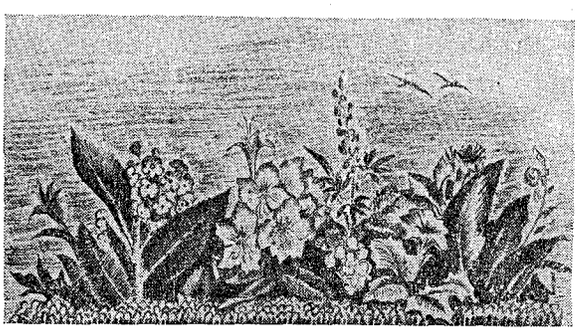
At first the gifts came in very slowly. But little by little donations appeared from other sources, and sometimes old people visited the office and offered to assign their small capital to the Flower Fund if they were allowed to rent apartments, retaining only the interest on their money during their lifetime.

When three and a half years had passed, the Flower Fund ventured to erect a large building on a site donated by the city of Stockholm. Soon a second house rose by the side of the first, and before long six additional houses were built in another part of the city. By this means the Flower Fund has been able to provide rooms for more than a thousand old people. The inmates pay a lower rent than they would have to pay in any other place and receive a certain amount of care if they are ill. Otherwise they are quite free, and there is nothing institutional about the place. It is like a private home.

There is a restaurant in each building where outsiders may also come. Residents can buy lunch there for your quarter of a dollar and dinner for the same price. They may eat in the restaurant or have their meals sent to their rooms or they may prepare their own meals in the small kitchen that accompanies each apartment. Food can be purchased in the building, and there is also a laundry and a bakery. The old people seem to be happy under these arrangements, for there are always more applications than can be filled.

Swedish death notices often contain a line asking that the Flower Fund be remembered. Sometimes another charity is named, for the example is contagious. The important thing is not that the money be donated to a single cause but that the memorial be given a form that will honor the dead by benefiting the living. It is difficult, however, to change a custom that has become ingrained, and even now the mounds of floral offerings at Swedish funerals are oppressively large. But already an increasing percentage of the money formerly sacrificed on such occasions reaches the Flower Fund instead.

One objection to the limitation of flowers is voiced by people who still say: "But what are the florists going to live on?" This is no cause for worry. The wheels of life keep turning, and changes take place every day. Apart from charity pure and simple, no one buys anything to benefit the seller. Why should we make an exception of the florists? Let us buy flowers to cheer the living but let us not pile them up around the dead. Let our tribute to them be something more lasting than quickly withered blossoms. So long as a country has within its borders old people who suffer for lack of homes and proper care, that country has no right to throw away large sums on flowers which do not even fulfill the purpose for which they were created — to give pleasure by their beauty.



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SCIENCE VIEWS THE SUPERNATURAL—II

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

LIKE ALL THE sciences whose subject is man, psychical research can make practically no use of experiment. It is an observational and statistical science. Its aim is by careful and persistent "field work" to provide a body of material sufficiently reliable to secure conviction that the phenomena investigated actually occur and sufficiently large to justify the psychist in making those generalizations which are called scientific "laws." How far has this aim been achieved?

We are justified in saying, I think, that psychical research has demonstrated the reality of at least some of the phenomena investigated. But as for generalizations, as for hypotheses satisfactory in themselves and compatible with the hypotheses of other sciences — for these we look in vain. Psychical researchers are still in the mental world of the egg collector and the naturalist, the world of irrational, brute fact, unorganized by the explaining intellect. No scientific philosopher has yet systematized the results of psychical research. Confronted by what are probably the facts, one can only throw out random reflections and speculations. Here are some of those which have occurred to me.

Orthodox men of science object to psychical research on the ground that its phenomena cannot be produced at will by anyone, at any time, and in any place. Indeed, they almost go so far as to assume that the phenomena cannot be credible because they are so rare. But this is an absurd attitude. The phenomena of musical genius cannot be investigated by anyone, anywhere, and at any time, for the good reason that Mozarts and Beethovens are not born every day of the week. And yet, in spite of its rarity, musical genius does exist and can, in favorable circumstances, be studied.

The capacity to produce supernormal phenomena appears to be a special gift like the gift for mathematics or music. But it is a gift that humanity has not yet learned systematically to exploit. Sir Isaac Newton was born in A.D. 1642; but there seems to be no biological reason why he should not have been born in 1642 B.C.

When Stonehenge was new, man was no less characteristically man than he is today. We have our deficients, our normals, our people of great ability, our men of genius. So, it is to be presumed, did the societies of antiquity. But now let us ask a question. Suppose Newton had been born in 1642 B.C. — what would he have achieved? The answer is: next to nothing.

In England in 1642 B.C. there was no writing, no system of mathematical notation, no calculating instrument, such as the abacus of classical antiquity and the contemporary East. Born into such a world, the gifted mathematician would find himself unable to make use of his gifts. At times, no doubt, he would feel uncomfortably stirring within him the consciousness that there was something he could do — something wonderful and extraordinary; but what? In the forests and swamps of prehistoric England he would find no answer to his questions.

Mathematical geniuses, we may be sure, were born from time to time in that primitive England. But either they accomplished nothing, or else their natural gift exhausted itself in the discovery, enormous in the unpropitious circumstances, of some elementary piece of applied geometry or arithmetic. It was not till a long series of such mute, inglorious Newtons had gradually built up first an empirical system of mensuration, then the beginnings of a generalized theory of rational mathematics, that the geniuses ceased to be ineffectual and became the great mathematicians of recorded history.

Today a good telepathist or psychometrist

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is probably in much the same position as a good mathematician or musician would have been at the time Stonehenge was built. His gifts may be great, but they are untrained; he practices an art without any traditions and of whose fundamental rules he is ignorant. The remarkable thing is not that there should be so few psychically gifted individuals putting up such uncertain performances but rather that there should be as many as there are and that they should achieve as much as they do.

II

AT THIS POINT a question inevitably suggests itself. If supernormal faculties are latent in the human mind, why is it that they have never been fully developed? Why are most of us still only potential telepathists and psychometrists? Why, if prevision is possible, has the power to look into the future remained in its present rudimentary state? We may suggest two possible explanations — a biological explanation and an explanation in purely psychological terms. We will assume for the sake of argument that mind can apprehend and influence external reality in two ways — directly, by what we now call supernormal means, and indirectly, by means of the sense organs, for perception, and of the nerves and muscles, for action. We will also assume that time is so constituted that the future has some kind of existence even "before it happens" and that the mind can be so directed that this future is perceptible.

In all animals evolution has developed the second or indirect method of perception and action — presumably because it is the more efficient of the two. It has also orientated the mind in such a way that, in ordinary circumstances, there can be no consciousness of the future. This evolutionary process has gone very far among the higher animals, especially man. Our minds have become almost completely impervious to the future and at the same time extraordinarily efficient at perceiving things by means of the sense organs and at acting upon them by means of the nervous and muscular systems.

But capacity for extrasensory perception and direct action by the mind on matter must be regarded as still persisting, at any rate in a rudimentary state. It is a capacity that might, no doubt, be developed. That we have not developed it is due, perhaps, to the fact that it would not be biologically expedient for us to do so. Our organisms being what they are, it is quite possible that a well-developed power to pick up the thoughts of other minds would be not an advantage but a handicap. A society of highly trained telepathists would be a society in which no mental privacy was possible. But without mental privacy the individual as we know him could not exist. The development of direct perception would create entirely novel conditions, to which the species would certainly find it hard to adjust itself.

Foreknowledge of the future would be even more fatal; for it would probably induce an attitude of fatalistic resignation wholly incompatible with successful living. (It is significant in this connection that almost all the prophetic dreams recorded in Mr. Dunne's remarkable book, *An Experiment with Time*, should concern events of the most trivial nature. It almost looks as though the mind were deliberately protecting itself against too much knowledge of coming events.)

Such, I suggest, are the biological reasons why the supernormal faculties have remained undeveloped. But there are also psychological reasons. Our civilization makes ever-increasing demands upon the conscious mind and its powers of logical analysis. But "it may be suspected," says Dr. T. W. Mitchell, one of the most experienced of psychical research workers, "that mental dissociation is an indispensable prerequisite for the exhibition of supernormally acquired knowledge; and it may also be that some degree of mental dissociation is necessary for any knowledge to be so acquired." Professor Rhine and other workers confirm this view.

Supernormal faculties seem to manifest themselves only when the conscious mind has to some extent been put out of action, when the powers of analysis are in abeyance. In other words, there is a certain incompatibility between the mental activity that makes for civilization as we know it and the mental activity that results in extrasensory perception, prevision, and the supernormal influence of mind on matter. There are psychic geniuses just as there are musical and mathematical geniuses. But whereas society rewards the composer and

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the geometer, it has, until quite recently, consistently persecuted the psychic, who was supposed to be in league with the powers of evil.

Psychic ability may be heritable and run in families. If this is so, the total amount of such ability in any European population must have been greatly reduced as a result of the persecutions of the witches. It has been suggested that the smiling skepticism of the eighteenth century towards the supernormal was due to the fact that it was a time when psychically gifted individuals were exceptionally rare. The people who would have been their ancestors had all been hanged or drowned or burned in the previous centuries. Voltaire and his contemporaries denied the very existence of the supernormal; and at that particular moment of history their denial was almost justified by the facts. Cessation of persecution has doubtless given the psychic strains an opportunity to reconstitute themselves.

III

It would seem then that there are adequate biological and psychological reasons why supernormal faculties have not been developed. The exponents of the Indian yoga psychology affirm that there are good ethical reasons why they *ought* not to be developed. The yogis have been working on their system of spiritual training for at least twenty centuries, and there can be no doubt that they have accumulated in this long span of time an immense mass of empirical knowledge about the workings of the mind, its potentialities, its relations with the body on the one hand and the *purusha* or spirit on the other.

The aim of yoga is to enable the individual to pass at will into the state of contemplation, and the way to this state lies through the acquisition of complete control, by means of long and arduous exercises, of all the mental processes. At a certain moment in his progress towards the ultimate state of blessedness the aspirant (so the yoga psychologists affirm) finds himself acquiring the power to produce all manner of supernormal phenomena. The exercise of this power is delightful; but the aspirant is solemnly warned against it. His goal is contemplation; the power of wonder working is only a halfway house. True, this halfway house offers all kinds of pleasant entertainment; but, if he succumbs to its charms and, instead of pushing on toward the final goal, remains a mere wonder worker, he is spiritually lost. In the eyes of the yogi psychologists, systematic cultivation of the supernormal powers is apparently a form of self-destroying self-indulgence. This Indian judgment, based as it is upon so long an experience, deserves the most respectful consideration.

Science is primarily concerned with facts and their explanation, not with ethical values. The systematic cultivation of supernormal faculties may be morally undesirable; but that does nothing to lessen the importance for science of supernormal phenomena. Hitherto psychical research has been carried out on a small scale and in the teeth of official scientific disapproval. It is greatly to be hoped that the scope of the investigations may now be extended.

For intensive research into the supernormal may be expected to throw light on some of the more obscure and the most important of our unsolved problems — on the nature of mind and its limitations; on the relations between individual minds and their bodies, the material world and other minds; on the nature of time and of our knowledge of it. These are matters of the highest scientific and philosophical importance; and the relevance of supernormal phenomena to all of them is manifest. A prima-facie case for the reality of at least some supernormal phenomena has now been firmly established; there is every possible reason why official science should make use of its resources to carry the investigation further.

In spite of which, it may be doubted whether official science will at present do anything of the kind. The subject is a disquieting one, and men, even men of science, do not like being disquieted. Moreover, the facts, if they came to be firmly established, could not be easily fitted into the existing world picture; long-cherished opinions would have to be dropped, current hypotheses stretched and altered. Men, even men of science, do not enjoy revolutionary changes.

IV

Let us consider, in this connection, the history of hypnotism in England. Mesmerism, as it was always called before 1841, was violently denounced by the official representatives

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of English medical science. Their arguments were, first, that the phenomena did not take place and, second, that if they did take place they were quite unimportant. Thus, when Dr. Elliotson (the man to whom Thackeray dedicated *Pendennis*) published an account of operations painlessly performed under the influence of hypnotism, his colleagues retorted by saying that he was a liar or, if not a liar, then a poor, incredulous fool deceived by cunning patients who had merely pretended that they did not feel any pain while their legs were being cut off.

Finally, they admitted that he might be neither a liar nor a fool but insisted that it really didn't matter whether patients felt pain or not; nay, more, that pain was a very good thing and that patients ought to be made to feel as much of it as possible. Meanwhile, in 1841, Dr. Braid, of Manchester, had invented the word "hypnotism" and propounded the psychological theory of its causation which is still accepted. And from 1845 to 1847 Esdaile, in Calcutta, was developing a regular technique of hypnotic anesthesia for surgery. In two years Esdaile performed 260 operations on patients in the hypnotic trance, with a death rate of only 5½ per cent, a figure astonishingly low in the days before surgery was aseptic or even antiseptic. Then in the year 1848 there occurred two events which were fatal to hypnotism.

In Hydesville, New York, the Fox sisters started to crack their toe joints; modern spiritualism was born. And chloroform, discovered some years before, began to be used regularly in surgical practice. Hypnotism fell into disrepute because it came to be associated with the new hocus-pocus; and at the same time its most obvious practical function — the production of anesthesia — was usurped by a drug. Chloroform was easier to use than hypnosis, and doctors naturally followed the line of least resistance.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened if the invention of chloroform had been delayed by another twenty years or so. There can be little doubt that Esdaile's example would have been widely followed. Doctors would have carried out intensive research into the possibilities of hypnosis; and a rapid and infallible technique of psychological anesthesia would probably have been developed. In the process of perfecting this technique much valuable information about the nature of the mind and its relation to the body would certainly have been made available — information which, for lack of sufficient practical motive for research, either was not unearthed till much later or still remains to be discovered. But history decided against Esdaile and Braid. After 1848 hypnotism sank once more into disrepute, and it was not till 1892, just fifty-one years after Braid had done his classical work on the subject, that the British Medical Association at last officially admitted its existence and permitted its use. After 1892 doctors could practice hypnotism without running the risk of being hounded out of their profession.

Fifty-two years have now passed since Sidgwick and Myers founded the S.P.R., and the official representatives of English science still ignore the existence of psychical research. For how much longer will they persist in their present attitude?

If there is any value in historical analogies, we may expect a change to take place fairly soon. It took about thirty years for English doctors to accept the stethoscope; and it was, as we have seen, just over half a century before they admitted the respectability of hypnotism.

The supernormal phenomena with which psychical research deals are at least twice as odd as the noises heard through a stethoscope and perhaps twenty per cent odder than the results of hypnotism. If the length of time required for the official acceptance of a phenomenon is proportionate to its oddness, we may calculate that psychical research will be admitted to full citizenship in the kingdom of science some sixty years after its inception.

The first University Readership in Psychical Research should be founded, according to my computations, about the year 1942.

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Huxley.

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THE DEVIL IN THE SAINT

BY HARRY SODERMAN

Of all the cases I came in touch with when I was in the French police, I think that few were as peculiar as that of Angèle Laval, queen of anonymous letter writers, saint and devil.

The story goes back to 1917 when France was struggling in the World War. But reverberation from the battle front hardly disturbed the calm life of Tulle, a small town in southern France and seat of a county government. There in this quiet little village something happened which was destined to develop into one of the most interesting cases in the history of criminology. One day at the end of 1917 some of the foremost citizens of the town, most of them government officials, received anonymous letters through the mail. The letters told of old and carefully buried stories of a scandalous nature. One individual learned that his grandfather had been a notorious swindler and forger; another received the information that his grandmother had had a child before she married; a third that one of his cousins had died in the penitentiary fifty years before. The contents showed that the writer was well informed about the affairs of the town. But the recipients of this first crop of letters showed no great willingness to aid an investigation, and most of them simply denied that they had received them.

These first "revelations" were soon followed by others. The letters now began to deal with happenings of a more recent date. They had, however, still the same peculiarity. They were addressed chiefly to government officials or their wives. The wives of the town were informed that their husbands while serving their country did not take their vows of alliance too seriously. The sons of the town, who were facing death in the dirt of the trenches, were informed that their wives used their absence to indulge in revolting orgies and that their children had only the name in common with their fathers.

There were hundreds of theories and speculations about the author of the letters; the whole county was buzzing with rumors. One thing seemed sure: the writer must have been affiliated in some way with the county government, as most of the victims belonged to this service. This latter theory became a certainty when a certain M. Martin, who was soon to become governor of the province in which Tulle was located, received, while he still was lieutenant governor in Nancy, a number of the most terrible letters of all. His appointment was at this time still a secret, except to high officials.

In the beginning the letters came through the mail. The sender, however, probably felt that the mailboxes would be carefully watched and began to distribute them in other ways. They would be found on the sidewalks of little-frequented streets, and the innocent finders — in the kindness of their hearts — would carry them to the addresses indicated on the envelopes.

One day a young hoodlum found on a bench in the city park a long list of prominent citizens, with the names of their alleged mistresses — and of their wives, with their alleged lovers. The youthful scoundrel, feeling that he should make public these facts, pasted the list on the notice board at the city hall. All afternoon the population of the town swarmed before the board, before the police discovered the list and destroyed it.

A clergyman of the town, taking his afternoon walk, found on the sidewalk at a drugstore a letter addressed to the druggist. The first impulse of the worthy priest was to put down the letter again, because the druggist was well known as a leader of the anticlerical movement in the town. A long life consecrated to the

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service of mankind had, however, taught him to be obliging, and with a jovial smile he entered the drugstore and handed over the letter. He would show this enemy of the clergy that a servant of God was not mean and could do anyone a service.

The druggist was moved by this unexpected service and invited the clergyman to sit down over a glass. The latter, however, was polite and insisted that the druggist should first read the letter, which might be important. The druggist opened it, eyed the few lines, and turned purple. With a wild roar he plunged at the bewildered clergyman, who was too astonished to defend himself. He received a thorough beating before the neighbors, alarmed by his cries of agony and by the crashing of bottles smashed in the struggle, hastened to part the antagonists. The letter had informed the druggist that the clergyman was guilty of illicit relations with the druggist's wife!

Beginning the Hunt

This was all, in a sense, comical. But there were many tragic results. Divorces and scandalous incidents of all kinds were daily occurrences in the horror-ridden town of Tulle. The very air was thick with suspicion and malevolence. The wretched people whom the public suspected of authorship of the letters were driven to despair.

The clerk of the county government was told that his wife was rumored to be at the source of the letters. He became insane, was confined in a lunatic asylum and died shortly afterwards. Some months later, the teller of a small bank in the town likewise lost his mind because of the same sort of suspicion.

The letters continued to flood the town. In 1921 one of the executives of the county government, by name Jean Laval, and several of his colleagues made a formal appeal to the district attorney to investigate the whole thing. The latter appointed an assistant, M. Richard, to investigate. With the appointment of Richard, who was a very able man, the story took a new turn. It was high time, for the Tulle mystery was already famed throughout Europe.

One of Richard's very few clues was the fact that a certain Monsieur Moury, also an executive of the county government, was the only man who had been spared by the anonymous writer. Moury had never received a letter. He had recently married a stenographer in his office, a girl by the name of Fioux, daughter of the owner of a hardware store in Tulle. If on some rare occasion the anonymous writer had had a word of praise for someone, it was inevitably Moury or his wife. This was somewhat suspicious, and the police kept a discreet eye on the couple. In time the public got wind of the suspicion, and the life of the Mourys became unendurable. Furthermore, the citizens grew so unruly that, when the clerk who had died in the asylum was buried, a large police detachment was needed to guard Fioux's store against the rage of the people.

Richard, however, was soon convinced that the Mourys were absolutely innocent. He himself had received several letters which showed that the writer was familiar with matters in his office, things of which neither Moury nor his wife could possibly have knowledge. The couple also had been traveling for some time, and meanwhile the letters continued to arrive as usual.

The End of the Trail

Investigations were now at a standstill; the letters spread like a poisonous tide over the wretched town, bringing chaos and misery with them; the police were powerless. It was already 1924. For seven years the scourge had lasted. Then, quite by accident, came the solution of the mystery.

I have already mentioned that the first person to ask for the aid of the district attorney was Jean Laval. He had a sister, Angèle, who had been a stenographer in Moury's office when the latter was a bachelor. Now Jean Laval, vitally interested in the progress of the investigation, often conferred with Richard about it. One day he told the latter that a certain Mademoiselle Leygnac had received a highly obscene letter. When Richard inquired further about it, Laval told him that he had heard it from his sister Angèle, who was a good friend of the girl Leygnac. This happened on a Wednesday.

Saturday, about noon, Richard by chance saw Mlle. Leygnac in the street and inquired about the letter. He told her that he had learned of it Wednesday from Laval, who had it from his sister.

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But, Mlle. Leygnac exclaimed, she had not seen or spoken to Angèle Laval before Friday!

Everything depended on whether Angèle Laval could explain the fact that she knew of the existence of this letter on Wednesday. She was immediately questioned. She denied everything.

Richard sent some of the anonymous letters to Dr. Edmond Locard, then my chief, head of the laboratory of the police department in Lyons and world-famous criminologist. I think we got about three hundred letters to examine, although the entire number of anonymous letters received in Tulle would have been reckoned in thousands. With the letters came standards of comparison from Angèle Laval and her mother, with whom she lived. We scrutinized the letters closely, but they were all written to imitate printed letters, and it was found that new standards, in the same styles of writing but obtained by dictation, were necessary. Locard himself went down to Tulle, and Angèle Laval was summoned one morning to the detective division to take this dictation.

Angèle Laval was at this time about thirty years old, tall and rather thin, of a dark complexion, and with large, dark, intelligent eyes. She was very nervous and had two hysterical fits during the dictation. She consented to write printed letters, but the first line took her about ten minutes, and she altered and retouched every letter in such a manner that the page was full of inkstains. Locard then calmly told her that she was to write several large pages. After this she ceased altering the letters, and in the next line wrote a "y" which looked like a "v" with a long tail at the base, a characteristic of the anonymous letters. She also wrote "g" in a very peculiar manner, also characteristic of the letters. The identification was then already certain, but, to the astonishment of Locard, Mlle. Laval had already begun to develop a new style on the second line. She speedily perfected this new style and continued to fill page after page with it. In the afternoon, however, she grew tired and at the end of the sixth large page she could not control herself any more. She fell back into a style absolutely identical with that of the anonymous letters. The examination was ended.

Among the letters were a few in ordinary handwriting. Locard was able to show that they were written by Angèle Laval's mother.

Now there was enough evidence to open a trial, and both daughter and mother were summoned before the court of Tulle to answer for their deeds. But the unholy affair was first to have another victim. Angèle and her mother decided to end their lives and went to a neighboring lake. Mme. Laval jumped first and immediately drowned. Angèle hesitated for a moment, then followed her mother, but some workmen managed to save her.

She was examined by psychiatrists, who found her fully responsible for her actions, although of a very nervous disposition. In due time she was convicted, sentenced to two months of imprisonment, and fined five hundred francs. She appealed, but the decision was upheld by the highest court of France.

ANONYMOGRAPHIA

ANGÈLE LAVAL has since been the object of much speculation. She was a very pure specimen of the type of human being for which Locard has created the name "anonymograph." All writers of anonymous letters are not anonymographs. The difference between an ordinary writer of an anonymous letter and an anonymograph is that the former writes to attain some definite end, while the latter writes for no rational reason, only for the sadistic kick it affords him. In the life of the first type, it happens perhaps once that he writes such a letter, for reasons of jealousy or revenge or for some similar motive. In the life of the latter anonymous letters constitute an important element, and he writes them in hundreds and thousands.

An anonymograph is certainly never a normal being. Experience shows he is generally an hysterical and degenerate individual. Sometimes his peculiarity is associated with an incipient mental illness, sometimes it is the result of addiction to alcohol or cocaine. In most cases, however, anonymographs are women, and the cause is a distorted sex life. Their letters are often of a highly immoral nature, but the writers are likely to be well educated and outwardly pure as snow. Women anonymographs are reminiscent of the old French proverb: "There is nothing as dirty as the dreams of a saint."

The anonymous letters Angèle sent num-

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bered several thousands, and each usually occupied at least two large pages. She was probably busy most of the time writing them. Her whole family collaborated. The mother, in any case, wrote the first letter, and other members of the family collected the necessary information. The motive was peculiar. Angèle had worked in Moury's office before he married. She and Mlle. Fioux had each determined to become Madame Moury. When Angèle lost the battle she did not, strangely enough, direct her scorn againt the couple Moury but against the rest of the town.

The Posters on the Door

Another case of anonymous letter writing, which occurred about the same time but in the city of Lyons itself, was very similar to the case of Angèle Laval and also attracted nationwide attention. There were present the same vague motives and the same mass manufacturing of letters, although these were chiefly directed at a single person. Finally there was also a family collaboration. In its striking contrast between the high degree of education and social position of the writer and the filthy nature of the letters, this case is fairly unique.

A high government official, M. Berthin, returned one day in February, 1925, to Lyons, after a long voyage. When he arrived at his house he discovered that a large paper, covered with insults to himself, his wife, and his daughter, was pasted on the door. He had the servant scrape it off, but after a few days a new one appeared, even more gross and insulting. The same day an anonymous letter, filthy and scandalous beyond all description, was delivered to him. It was the beginning of a long series. M. Berthin went to the district attorney, who turned the case over to Locard.

The problem was not easy to solve. We had to identify a handwriting consisting of only imitation printed letters. There was not a single similar letter to compare with. There was not a single suspect.

On the last poster there was, however, an especially vile word which consisted of single letters cut from some printed matter and pasted together. The letters were carefully loosened from the poster, and we found that they were printed also on the rear. It was not difficult to determine that they came from a printed form used only in M. Berthin's department.

The investigation was now somewhat limited, but the field was still fairly large. By a mere chance, we got a break. The letters were by this time being sent also to M. Berthin's friends, who were informed about his character and morals in a manner which did him no credit. Among these letters was a typewritten one.

Locard immediately procured specimens from all typewriters in Berthin's department. It was not difficult to determine that the letter had been written on a machine which was in a room to which only two people had entrance. These employees were father and son, and their name was Gallard. Locard had measured the height of the second poster on the door. It is well known that a person, when he writes standing, almost always writes at the height of his eyes. In the same manner, one who pastes a poster where its place is not predetermined will put it on a level with his eyes. Discreetly we measured the height of this pair. The father was short, and the son tall. The height of the father corresponded exactly with the height of the poster.

The Print in the Glue

Peculiar types, this father and his son. The former was small, thin, and foxy. He had struggled along on a small salary and economized desperately to give the idolized son a good education. The latter was tall, very elegant, and extremely well educated. In addition to being a lawyer he was a Master of Arts and had written a book on aesthetics. He was M. Berthin's right hand, and the father was his clerk.

The anonymous letters continued, but they had now changed their tone. They were serious and dignified, and were directed to the district attorney, to the judges of the courts in Lyons, and even to the Secretary of the Interior. They defended the Gallards and tried to prove the guilt of another employee.

The police were keeping a close eye on the Gallards and especially on their visits to post offices and mailboxes. One day the father was stopped while putting a letter in a mailbox. The letter was examined. It contained an unwritten sheet of paper, but the address on the

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envelope was printed in the same manner as in the previous anonymous letters. There was now certain proof that there existed a relation between the Gallards and the anonymous writer. The district attorney signed a search warrant for Gallard's apartment.

The search had an unexpected result. In a drawer there was found a collection of papers, mostly blank, except for letterheads from several official institutions. There were papers from the legislature, from the board of aldermen, from the county government, from the police commissioner and from the mayor. Some of these papers were already filled with anonymous insults and ready to be sent to different addresses. I suppose the purpose was to mislead the investigators.

The Gallards were arrested. They defended themselves vehemently but in vain. The final blow came when Locard, who had examined the poster on M. Berthin's door very carefully, found a fingerprint in the glue. It was badly blurred, but by ingenious photography it was developed enough to be identified with the right index of Jean Gallard, the son. Eleven characteristic points were common, i.e., there was one chance in 4,194,304 of a mistake. Gallard tried to explain the presence of his fingerprint on the poster in this not-very-plausible way: the daughter of Berthin, who hated him, had gone into his office and taken the paper, which very likely had been touched by Gallard. She then had written thereupon the grossest libels against herself, her mother, and her father and pasted it on the door of her house!

The ways of anonymographs are strange, and, unlikely as the explanation was, it could not be entirely discarded. But there was a logical gap in this story of Jean Gallard. If he had innocently put his finger on the paper before it was used, the fingerprint should have been *under* the layer of glue and not *over* it.

Jean Gallard and his father were convicted to two months' imprisonment and fined five hundred francs. Again the high court upheld the decision.

A Military "Romance"

The reader may be rather startled at the light sentences which were given to Angèle Laval and the Gallards. It is a fact, however, that no civilized country could punish them much more severely. Morally, Angèle Laval was a murderess, if there ever was one, but in the eyes of justice she was guilty only of libel. It is not as dangerous to poison with ink as with arsenic.

Our tale of poisoners in ink is not, however, complete without a still more amazing story of anonymous letter writing. The French army school of advanced horsemanship was, in the year 1834, stationed in the city of Saumur and commanded by General Baron de Morell. He was the father of a pretty girl sixteen years old.

Lieutenant La Roncière le Noury, known as "bon garçon" and a connoisseur of the weaker sex, in that year was ordered to the school in Saumur. The General liked him and invited him several times to his home, where he made the acquaintance of the General's wife and daughter. Some days after the first visit of the Lieutenant, anonymous letters, signed E. R., were received by the General, his wife, and his friends.

They spoke of the writer's love for the General's daughter. At first they were highly romantic in tone but in time they grew more and more passionate. Finally the writer declared that he would seduce the girl and described in detail how the assault would be carried out.

Late one night, the members of the General's household were aroused by the cries of Mlle. de Morell. Rushing to her room, they found her hysterical and declaring that she had been attacked and that the criminal had escaped. But she had recognized him, she said, as the Lieutenant.

Lieutenant La Roncière le Noury was immediately arrested and court-martialed. Although he vehemently and indignantly denied his guilt, the letters were declared to have been his, and he was convicted and sentenced to ten years of penal servitude. It was not until the poor Lieutenant had served a part of his term that it was discovered that Mlle. de Morell had written the letters to herself and simulated the assault! Her parents frantically hushed up the scandal, and it was never determined whether her actions were the result of hopeless love or of only a desire to make herself interesting. The Lieutenant was, of course, immediately released, but not before the devil in the saintly Mlle. de Morell had nearly finished him.

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A PAGE FOR POETS

CONDUCTED BY HENRY GODDARD LEACH

President, Poetry Society of America

Interscholastic Poetry Contest

Five poets generously acted as judges of The Forum's 1935 Interscholastic Poetry Contest. They are:

Mary Borland
Robert P. Tristram Coffin
Roy Helton
Edmund Wilson
Audrey Wurdemann.

One hundred ninety-seven schools — public and private — were represented, a number which compares favorably with the 205 colleges and universities from which poems were received in our Intercollegiate Poetry Contest last spring.

The first prize, $50, is awarded to Sonia Whitman, of the Foxcroft School, Middleburg, Virginia, for her "Water Stars."

The second prize, $30, is awarded to N. Gordon Le Ber, of Brattleboro High School, Brattleboro, Vermont, for his "Forgotten Acres."

The third prize, $20, is awarded to Mary Ellen Mowbray, of the Bancroft School, Worcester, Massachusetts, for her "Why?"

The following school poets receive Honorable Mention: Suzanne Patchell, Radnor High School, Wayne, Pennsylvania; Anne Phelps, Academy of the Holy Angels, Minneapolis, Minnesota; William H. Prosser, New Albany High School, New Albany, Indiana; Marion de Kay Rous, the Dalton School, New York City; Louis Stoumen, Liberty High School, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Water-Stars

(1st Prize)

The world is quiet, not in sleep, but thought,
And all the air is stirred with silent dreams.
The crowded stars are swarmed like silver bees,
Beneath the hive of heaven, and the moon
With soft, enchanted fingers pleats the sea,
And rims with richer lace its whispering shores.
I sit alone beside the living depths
Of pensive pools among the bearded rocks,
Whose magic stars, eternities away,
Shatter to crystal lightning when my hand
Disturbs the cold horizon of their realm,
Unknown, unless in dreams or maybe death.
And now they shine in quietness again,
And far below, the pale, deserted shells
Appear, and glow with dim intensity,
Like phosphorous cloud-reflections in the dark,
Or wandering ghosts that watch with quiet eyes.
Perhaps, when I desert my quiet shell,
The substance of my soul may penetrate
The mystery that is keeping me away,
That makes the radiant surface spoil itself
At my material touch. Far, far below,
The shadows of the wilful water-weeds
Bestir themselves, expand their many arms,
And sway in rhythm with the secret breeze.
And keenly through the gloom the water-stars
From phantom skies, eternities away,
Tremble together, with their eerie light
Unspoiled by shadows, burning through the time
That otherwise would separate our worlds;
How weak the earth-bound stars compared to these.

Sonia Whitman

Forgotten Acres

(2nd Prize)

There is a road that sprawls across a field
(What was a road but now is one with snow)
And splits itself to bend about a house
That was — the cellar-hole is all that's left —
The owner went away and time moved in.

Black rock-ribbed mountains break the evenness
Of snow-sowed acres then fuse into mist
And disappear. No sound mars brittle space,
Although, once, a brook fell in laughter on
The hill, as if amused with its own fun,
Like something that's forever being chased.
(Ice caught it one cold night and stopped its laugh.
But brooks know ice can't hold them quiet, long.)

There isn't anyone to plow the earth,
This spring, and none to pick strayed boulders up
And pile the tumbled stonewalls back in place;
Nor none to care where orchard wants to grow —
The owner went away and time moved in.

N. Gordon Le Ber

Why?

(3rd Prize)

Why
Has God left the air like a quivering band
Stretched over a brown earth;
Flung the sun against a taut sky, and
Driven away the winged things
That made shadows on my book,
When they crossed the path of lamplight?
Why
Has God sifted thick dust over the honeysuckle;
Wrung all the mist from
Soft, sweet evenings;
Hidden the tiny marshy places that were
All yellow with the pond lilies, and
Sent doubt winding into my heart?

Mary Ellen Mowbray

These Younger Poets

The winner of the contest, Sonia Whitman, is 16 years old. One of the judges gives her poem first place "for originality of idea, depth of thought, and 'fancy.'"

The subject matter of these juvenile verses changes with the geography. Connecticut school children are likely to write correct imitations of standard poets, with "appreciation of Wordsworth" or "apologies to Villon." In California, judging from the exhibits, they have less metrical skill but are freer from tradition. They look out of the school window and describe a flag, a eucalyptus tree, a dog, a toothache, or a parent's grief. The students of a Toledo, Ohio, high school submit a group of sonnets composed on a bridge. Chicago school children have less to say about nature and more about striking themes from their schoolbooks or moral lessons from their teachers. These youths of a congested city turn also frequently for relaxation to religious themes.

It is the schools of the South that offer not only melody but one or two whimsical examples in the vein of Gertrude Stein and the Transition Group.

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Do you know—

WHO SAID IT?

$1,000.00 for good memories

THE MARCH-ISSUE *Who Said It?* Contest has brought forth the first "repeater" in three months of this memory-testing competition! Arthur R. Blessing, of the Naval War College, at Newport, Rhode Island, is the gifted individual. He was the winner of the February contest, and the Editor herewith takes pleasure in awarding him another $50 prize for the best set of answers for March. The second prizes of $10 each go this time to Prescott H. Corwell, of 41½ Portland Street, Haverhill, Mass., and to George W. Lyon, 617 James Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Editor also wishes to announce, sadly, that the quotations in March were too easy. Not only was this the first time that any individual attained a perfect score, but *more than 60* such perfect entries were received! Accordingly, the prizes went to the first three perfect sets of answers to be mailed, as the provision in Rule 3 directs. The Editor of the contest trusts that he will not again be overwhelmed with such an avalanche of brilliant memory work. As we go to press, the returns from the April contest have not been tabulated, but you may be sure that no 60 persons will guess correctly the sources of the 10 quotations (for the May contest) on the opposite page.

President Roosevelt still leads all candidates in the number of quotations attributed to him, but ex-President Hoover has been showing surprising strength in returns from the rural districts, and may be expected to place well up in the final tally.

The Editor wishes, as gracefully as possible, to acknowledge the rather dubious compliment paid him by a certain contestant, who blandly noted that he thought he (the Editor) was responsible for "Life is short yet sweet." The Editor cannot but call the flattery dubious, because the sage who really let fall this drop of wisdom has been gone from earth these many hundred years.

Remember that the Sweepstakes prize is coming and that failure to win an earlier award means nothing in the scoring for this grand prize of $500. In fact, it is unnecessary even to enter the 6 monthly contests to be eligible for the Sweepstakes: all you need do is send in the 6 blanks, with quotations named, some time before June 14. If you want back copies, containing contest blanks, to do this, send your order, including 35 cents for each copy desired, to the Circulation Manager of THE FORUM, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

The Editor of the contest now commends to your earnest attention the cracking of the 10 tough nuts on the opposite page. Crack them if you can, and get your answers in by 6 P.M. on May 15. The winners of the April contest will be announced in the June issue, and of the present (May) contest in July. Meantime, read the contest rules carefully before going to work and keep your eye on the Sweepstakes.

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Contest Rules

1. *The Who Said It?* Contest is open to any reader of The Forum Magazine, except employees of The Forum, members of their families, or their relatives.

2. This issue of The Forum, the last four, and the next contain ten quotations. The object of the contest is to identify the individual who uttered the quotation.

3. The Forum Magazine will award monthly prizes (first prize $50.00 and two prizes of $10.00 each) to the person or persons who submit the *most nearly correct* sets of replies. In addition to the monthly prizes there will be a Sweepstakes prize of $500.00 for the *most nearly correct* replies in *all six* sets of quotations. All entries will be dated in order of receipt, and weight will be given to promptness. Allowance will be made for entries mailed from distant points. The Sweepstakes award will be announced in the August issue of The Forum.

4. Entries of answers to the set of quotations printed in this issue must be received by the Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest, The Forum Magazine, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City, by May 15, 1935. Closing date of the last monthly contest will be announced later. The closing date for the Sweepstakes prize is June 14, 1935. Contestants must sign their names and give their address. Entries received without name and address will not be considered.

5. Entries must be sent in on the entry blanks printed in this, the last four, and the succeeding issues of The Forum Magazine.

6. The Editor of The Forum Magazine will be the sole judge of the *Who Said It?* Contest, and, by submitting their entries, contestants agree to accept as final the decision of the Editor of The Forum Magazine in any and all matters affecting the conduct of the contest and the awarding of prizes.

7. Any contestant may enter as many sets of answers as he pleases.

8. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

9. The Editor of The Forum Magazine cannot undertake to enter into correspondence relative to the *Who Said It?* Contest, nor will any entry or set of entries be returned.

ENTRY FORM—MAY

Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest
The Forum Magazine
570 Lexington Avenue, New York City

I desire to submit the following entry in the *Who Said It?* Contest and I agree to abide by the Contest Rules printed above.

Who Said It?

1. Every calling is great when greatly pursued. . . . . _____
2. We are neither going back to the individualism of the past nor are we going forward to the communism of the future. _____
3. Thou didst repay good gifts with evil mind. . . . . _____
4. I am tired by the hardships and disappointments of the last few days. . . . . _____
5. In the winding, buttressed streets one smelled the breath of centuries and centuries. . . . . _____
6. You'll never have a quiet world until you knock the patriotism out of the human race. . . . . _____
7. Follow your own bent no matter what people say. . . _____
8. A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one. _____
9. To act against one another then is contrary to nature. _____
10. Why, this country can do anything if it has the will. . _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

This form must be received by May 15, 1935

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

That Hauptmann Editorial!

To the Editor:

The fact that such sensationalism as that attending the Hauptmann trial is unhealthy reading matter is important, but the cardinal difficulty in the whole situation is that the man who is on trial for his life is prejudiced. Nobody could have very much more respect for the Hauptmann trial than he might have for a prize fight or a gladiatorial contest, and all of the social benefits which come from dignity, sincerity, and detachment in judicial proceedings are lost when a trial becomes an emotional spree. The judge who presided in the Hauptmann trial seems to have been a very admirable man. Had he been less admirable, the degradation of the spectacle would have been indescribable.

Newton D. Baker

Cleveland, Ohio

To the Editor:

I don't feel that you quite clicked in your March Foreword. Oh, of course, putting the public demonstrations in the courtroom on the mat — congratulations. I fancy no one has ever yet defended American cheapness. But I think the newspapers were fully justified in setting the testimony out *in extenso*. There should be no criticism of the nation being human. For this child was Everyone's child, and the man suspected was Everyone's enemy.

H. A. Hawthorne

Redding, Conn.

From a letter signed by a county district attorney in a Far Western state:

Widespread approval is being given your editorial. . . .

Your observations relating to the Hauptmann case apply with equal force to the almost daily criminal trials found in all American cities. If advertising crime is not increasing crime, as many believe, it would appear publicity is extremely slow in causing a decrease. The press insists the people demand details of crime. Assuming this to be correct, can the press deny responsibility for creating the desire?

Is the press not willing to educate its readers into a higher class of reading? Mass reading is confined to newspapers; our civilization is threatened if our press is not more disposed to get our minds beyond crime thrills.

To the Editor:

I challenge your position that "social consciousness" should dictate newspaper practice. I maintain that newspapers should reflect life — all of it — and if the Lindbergh baby, or any other baby, is kidnaped and murdered, tell about it, all you can get. Sensitive folk don't have to read it: it's their choice. And don't waste too many tears on the news that was crowded out, for nothing is as dead as yesterday's paper: most of that "crowded out" news, had you read it, would have been forgotten in an hour. But those who read the Hauptmann testimony didn't forget it. . . .

Assumption that "social consciousness," or conscience, or what you will, should activate the press is a defense of censorship, gag rule, and dictatorship. If the news editor has the right to kill the Hauptmann story today, he has the right to kill news of radical or liberal developments tomorrow — because someone thinks such news might not be "good" for the readers. On the other hand, it might be "good" for the readers to inflame them against a nonexistent Red menace, as Mr. Hearst is now doing. There is "social consciousness" for you! Remember that not all consciences are YOUR conscience. . . . If we can do it for one reason we can do it for any reason, and it is easy for a publisher, once he gets in the habit, to decide that what is good for him is good for everybody. . . . Witness Mr. Hearst.

A well-edited daily newspaper is a panorama of life in America. If you don't like it, you don't like life. "Pretty-pretty" newspapers are just as dishonest as "pretty-pretty" painting, or literature, or music. It's not the newspaper's job to reform Man, to make him a cleaner, more upright being. Its job is only to portray him. . . . If you want him reformed — you can do it!

Joseph K. Howard

Great Falls, Mont.

Mr. Howard is news editor of a daily paper.

To the Editor:

Your Editorial Foreword in the March Forum stands out as the very best editorial I have read in twenty-five years of constant reading of the best magazines — for the reason that it fearlessly exposes one of the worst and most universal sources of this nation's difficulties — namely, a press that projects, in a constant stream, all forms of evil, and evil sensationally and attractively dressed up.

Mrs. Charles H. Kyson

Beverly Hills, Calif.

To the Editor:

We have been a regular reader of a Hearst daily for years but we stopped the paper coming to our address during the side-show exhibition of the Hauptmann-Lindbergh affair; and it's not coming to our address any more. I am only saying, like many more — shame on Mr. Hearst.

A. N. Riff

Washington, D. C.

The Editor did not single out Mr. Hearst in commenting upon the press handling of the Hauptmann case; there were too many others tarred with the same brush. The March Foreword brought a flood of letters to the Editorial desk, most of them commendatory in tone.

April Debate Rebuttal

According to the Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association, Dr. William Howard Hay, quoted in Irene Castle McLaughlin's article in our debate, "Is Vivisection Inhumane?" (April Forum), was not expelled by the American Medical Association because of his views on vivisection — as she says he was. The official *Journal*, issue of February 25, 1933, states: "Dr. Hay for a time was a member of his local medical society, but in 1930 his local society informed the American Medical Association that Dr. Hay had resigned just before charges of unethical advertising were to be preferred against him." The charges of unethical advertising related to food fads.

Regarding the doctors and medical students who appeal to Mrs. McLaughlin to stop animal experimentation: minority dissenters can always bring the majority to their viewpoint, if they show their way gives better results. Animal laboratories are expensive to maintain, as Mrs. McLaughlin says. The universities will be only too glad if they can avoid this expense. But is it more humane, strictly speaking, to use dogs that have been bought or raised for experimentation purposes, as universities do in other cities? It must be repeated that most of the pound dogs are strays or deliberately abandoned pets. The Institute of American Meat Packers, which made a survey of the dog-biscuit market, estimates there are 40,000,000 dogs in this country. Laboratory dogs constitute an infinitesimal fraction.

The modern medical student has at least a year's study of the human cadaver before he participates in a living animal experiment. I regret I did not make it clear that the living animal is studied to

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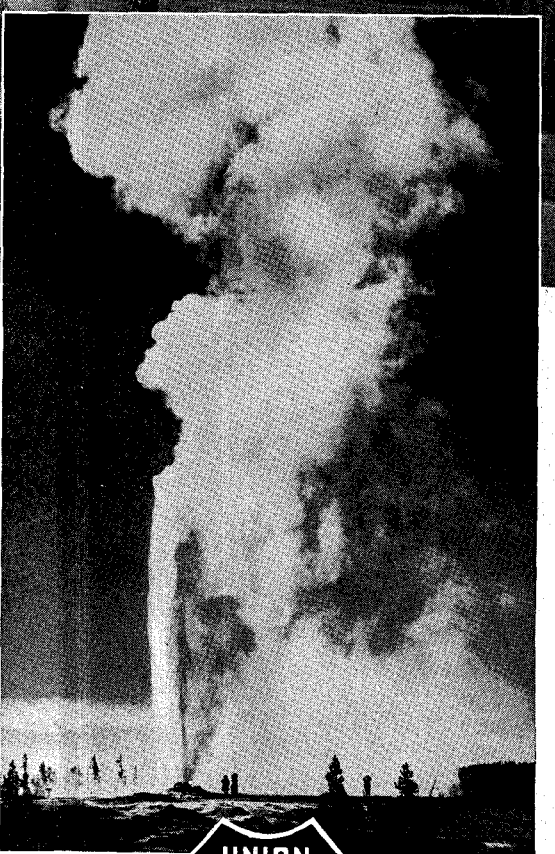

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Change of Address

Notice of a change of address, to be effective with the June issue of FORUM *and* CENTURY must reach the Subscription Department by April 30.

The Post Office does not forward magazines, including FORUM, which are mailed under the Second Class Rate of Postage.

Please give your former address when advising the Subscription Department of your new.

OUR ROSTRUM

watch the process of organ activity, not to see what the human organs look like. And Mrs. McLaughlin must know dogs well enough to know they must be taught tricks; the point was that the laboratory dogs kept for repeated observations are not afraid. Does Mrs. McLaughlin fear that if she visits the animal rooms she will have to revise the opinions she now holds?

RAGNA B. ESKIL

AND DEBATE COMMENT

To the Editor:

Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin pursues her usual disingenuous ways. In fact the whole campaign in Chicago for the last four years against the medical schools and research hospitals using impounded and condemned dogs humanely in the interest of science and medicine has been carried out under the cloak of fairness to dog owners and alleged sympathy for family dog pets. The impounded dogs not used by the universities and research hospitals would otherwise be killed anyway. The City Dog Pound in Chicago is not run for "the convenience of the dog owners and the protection of family dog pets" but for the protection of the people of Chicago in the way of rabies and abating the nuisance of streets and alleys filled with stray dogs. Rabies has been increasing among the dogs in the city the last few years.

It is significant that when laymen are shown on clear objective grounds the need of animal experimentation in biology and medicine more than 90 per cent of these men and women become strongly opposed to any restrictions against doctors and investigators as to the humane use of any species of animals needed for the solution of the problems confronting us. The propaganda against animal experimentation thus thrives only in the domain of the ignorant, except for the few individuals in our midst whose peculiar religious or philosophical tenets put the lower animals on the same plane as man or deny *in toto* the objective reality of disease or proclaim the total futility of investigation as a road to knowledge.

While the campaign in Chicago the last four years has been local, the issues raised are of a national scope, and we believe the efforts made by the Chicago representatives of universities and research hospitals towards adult education have more than local significance.

A. J. CARLSON

Department of Physiology
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

To the Editor:

One statement which Mrs. McLaughlin makes requires some comment. In the last paragraph she writes, "I have never visited the laboratories in person because

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OUR ROSTRUM

I knew that, if I did, either I would not be admitted or I would be shown only what the doctors wanted me to see." On December 19, 1931, I issued to Mrs. McLaughlin an invitation to visit the University of Illinois College of Medicine, unannounced if she wished, to stay as long as she desired and to go wherever she pleased.

Under date of December 22, 1931, she replied to this invitation with the following statement:

"The reason I did not visit your Laboratories was that I knew I should only see there the sort of *care* you give your dogs — and it is not their daily care (which we who cannot bring ourselves to embrace vivisection) that concerns us chiefly. My husband urged me not to go as he knew I would be unhappy about it for days, and there are far too many distressing cruelties brought to my notice every day, for me to add one more burden to my Humane work."

My invitation was issued in good faith, and I had no other intention than to make available to her full information about every experiment in progress at the time of her visit. Her statement that she would be allowed to see only what we wanted her to see has no foundation in anything other than her own fertile imagination.

C. I. Reed

University of Illinois
College of Medicine
Chicago, Illinois

To the Editor:

The Illinois Anti-Vivisection Society has never had a paid publicity man, nor a single paid employee of any kind.

Most of Miss Eskil's other statements betray an equal degree of unfamiliarity with the facts.

George D. Patterson

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Patterson is President of the Illinois Anti-Vivisection Society.

To the Editor:

In view of Miss Eskil's statement that "as a layman who has to take somebody's word I take that of the doctor's," it is interesting to note that in Great Britain a great many physicians (about 200 I understand) have withdrawn from their medical association on account of their stand against vivisection. The major European countries are now establishing controls against the worst practices. Our own country still waits for a public awareness of what is going on behind closed doors, much of it in the interest not of the medical profession but of a firmly intrenched industry that shields itself behind the emotional cry of "babies or dogs." But let Harvard's former Professor of Surgery, Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, state

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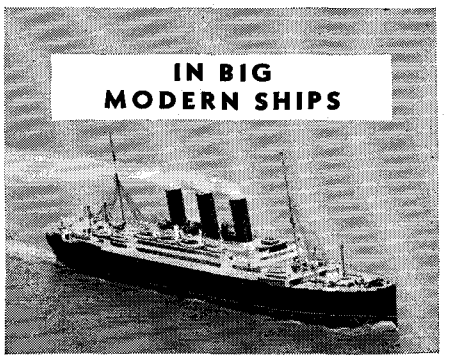

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OUR ROSTRUM

the problem for us (in his *Surgical Anaesthesia, Addresses and Other Papers*, 1900): "Vivisection is not an innocent study. . . . It can be indiscriminately pursued only by torturing animals . . . often for hours or days of refined infliction. . . . In order that painful vivisection may be as nearly as possible suppressed . . . not only by public opinion, but by law, it is essential that public opinion should be frequently informed of what it is and may be. . . . Further, every laboratory ought to be open to some supervising legal authority competent to determine that it is conducted from roof to cellar on the humanest principles."

Let me thank you for opening your pages to a debate on this subject. We are far too ignorant of the cruelties inflicted upon animals, especially in the laboratories and in the steel traps.

E. WALLACE

New York, N. Y.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Some weeks ago Mrs. Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing who wrote "A Protest from the Humble," in the February FORUM, *received an anonymous letter from Sterling, Massachusetts, which read in part as follows:*

I am old and poor and have a little family and a very small income. Years ago I read Thoreau and Emerson, and was quite impressed with the idea that, if one can not increase income, cutting expenses amounts to the same thing.

Land is so expensive here that if I bought I would be harnessed with a mortgage and interest the rest of my life.

Is there cheap land in your country where one could build one's own cabin and bring the land into cultivation?

My people were pioneers in Michigan, and your article makes me feel that under the circumstances in which I find myself it would be a good move for me to go to the Ozarks.

Will the anonymous writer of this letter please communicate with the FORUM *office? Mrs. Moyer-Wing says that he can buy uncleared land in the Ozarks, for $5 an acre, which would have on it plenty of timber for a cabin and for fuel. She wants to give him more information.*

SILENT TARIFF WAR

Oliver Williams' article, "The Silent Tariff War," in the January issue, continues to draw comment at this late date. Here is a letter from the Czechoslovakian Minister of Foreign Affairs:

The question raised in your article interests me particularly for the reason that in world commercial policy the problem of dumping plays an increasingly serious role, precisely on account of the unsettled wage conditions in the various countries,

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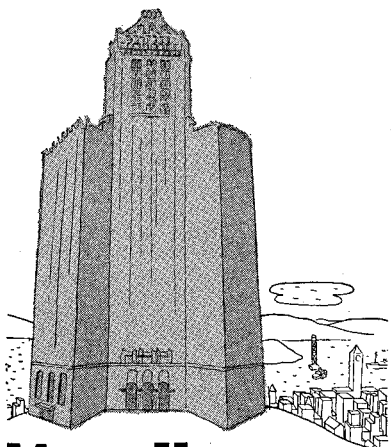

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OUR ROSTRUM

and calls for international solution. It is unhappily a sorry result of the iron law of supply and demand that, alongside the existence of large numbers of unemployed, wages are depressed with the object, on the one hand, of creating in artificial fashion more favorable price conditions for export trade and, on the other hand, of increasing home consumption. At the same time, however, it is forgotten that the lowering of wages acts as a brake upon normal development towards an improvement in the standard of living of the socially weaker classes and thus diminishes their purchasing power, with the result that consumption, and with it demand, declines. To improve export trade by means of dumping, particularly by depressing wages, I cannot regard as right, for that involves unfair competition and increases economic tension, resulting, in its turn, in political distrust in the international sphere. This we must avoid if we wish to strive for peace and a better future for mankind.

EDUARD BENEŠ
Prague, Czechoslovakia

ART

To the Editor:

. . . It is most encouraging that Mr. Pearson ["Renaissance in American Art," April FORUM] finds that more than half of the five hundred PWA works of art exhibited in the Corcoran Gallery belong to the creative school. I believe there is a very definite and basic art consciousness in America at the present moment which, under the right leadership, will be developed into the "Renaissance in American Art."

In my work as Chairman of the Municipal Art Committee of the City of New York, I am finding a very remarkable and encouraging interest in all art activities including music, drama, and dance.

MRS. HENRY BRECKINRIDGE
New York, N. Y.

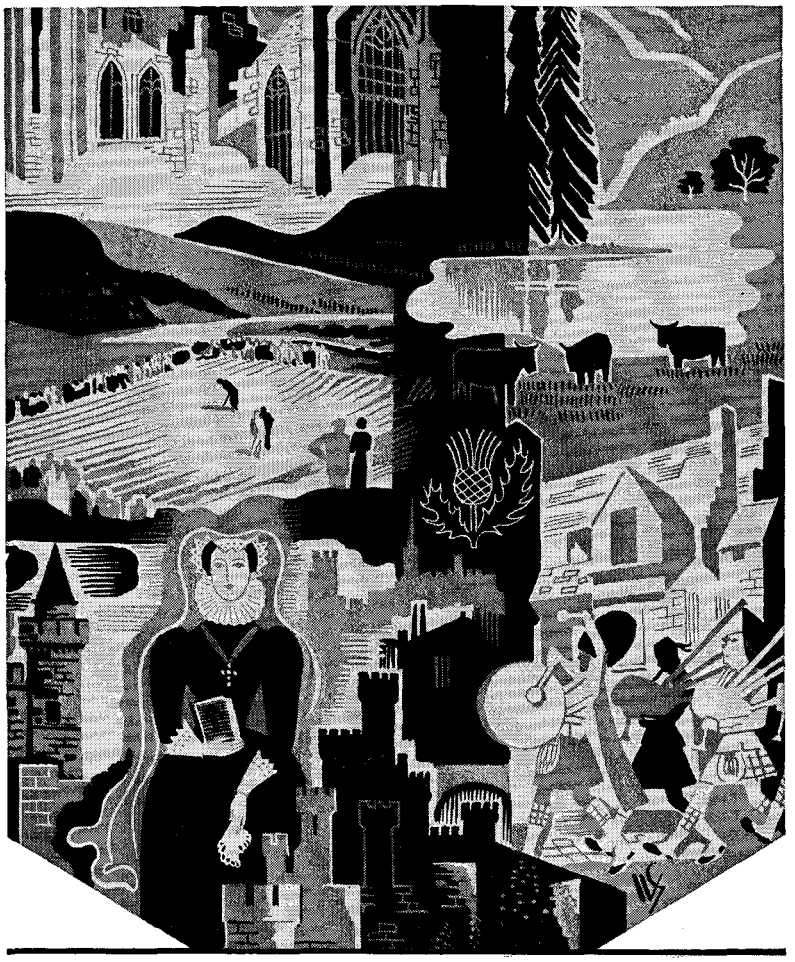
THE APRIL EDITORIAL

To the Editor:

"A New Adventure for Women" is perhaps the most inspiring of your many fine Editorial Forewords.

If I were a quarter century younger I would respond to one appeal of its wisdom, Christian charity, and simple "common sense" by practical manifestations of personal effort. As it is I have sent copies of the April issue of THE FORUM to a half dozen young women who are most likely to respond to your appeal to them and others of their sort.

If a suggestion with almost unlimited possibilities for good can be said to parallel in value the financial means to a great reform, I think that your suggestion to women and Mr. Henry Ford's tremendous contributions to the Berry Schools are the



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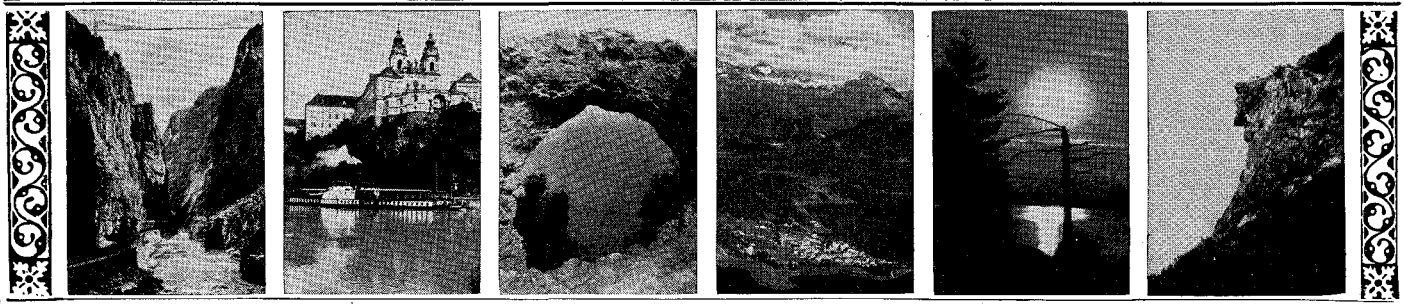

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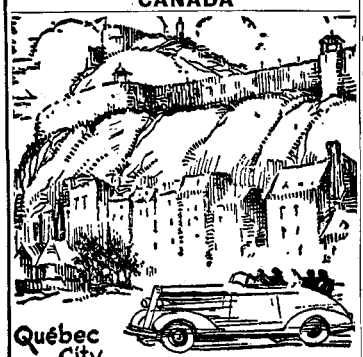

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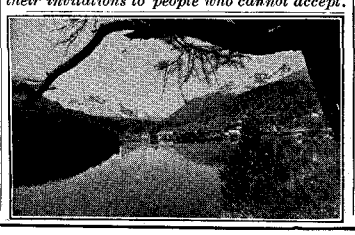

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ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER
Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor:

Our country should awaken to her duty of improving her penal system. Public opinion aroused by such challenging comment and followed by devoted, energized efforts of the women of the United States could, in this generation, effect a significant and needed service to this country — a service of the highest order of patriotism.

Certainly I hope the clubwomen of America will respond to your suggestion to meet this need.

GELINE MACDONALD BOWMAN
New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Bowman is President of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

To the Editor:

That is an exciting editorial, "A New Adventure for Women," exciting because it opens a practical way of getting something done that is fundamental to the safety of the community.

If I am not mistaken it was the Federation of Women's Clubs that fought through at Washington the law that gave the Alderson institution, although the need for such a prison had been urged for fifteen years or more by the Department of Justice.

The popular fashion of throwing the blame for our incredible crime situation on the failure of the home, the church, and the school is in reality the refuge of the indifferent, and when we face the facts as to our stupid, inefficient methods of dealing with the young offender and the older criminal we may do something effective, but not till then.

May your editorial be the first gun in the battle.

EVELINE W. BRAINERD
New York City

Mrs. Brainerd is Editor of the Weekly News, *issued by the League of Women Voters in New York.*

SPANKING

To the Editor:

I wish I could feel, as Garry C. Myers ["Do You Spank Your Children?" April FORUM] seems to, that I knew the one correct answer and deterrent to juvenile delinquency and adult crime. "Spankings!" says Mr. Myers. Yes, from his point of view it's as simple as that! He does go on to talk about a doctrine of "no-restraint," promulgated according

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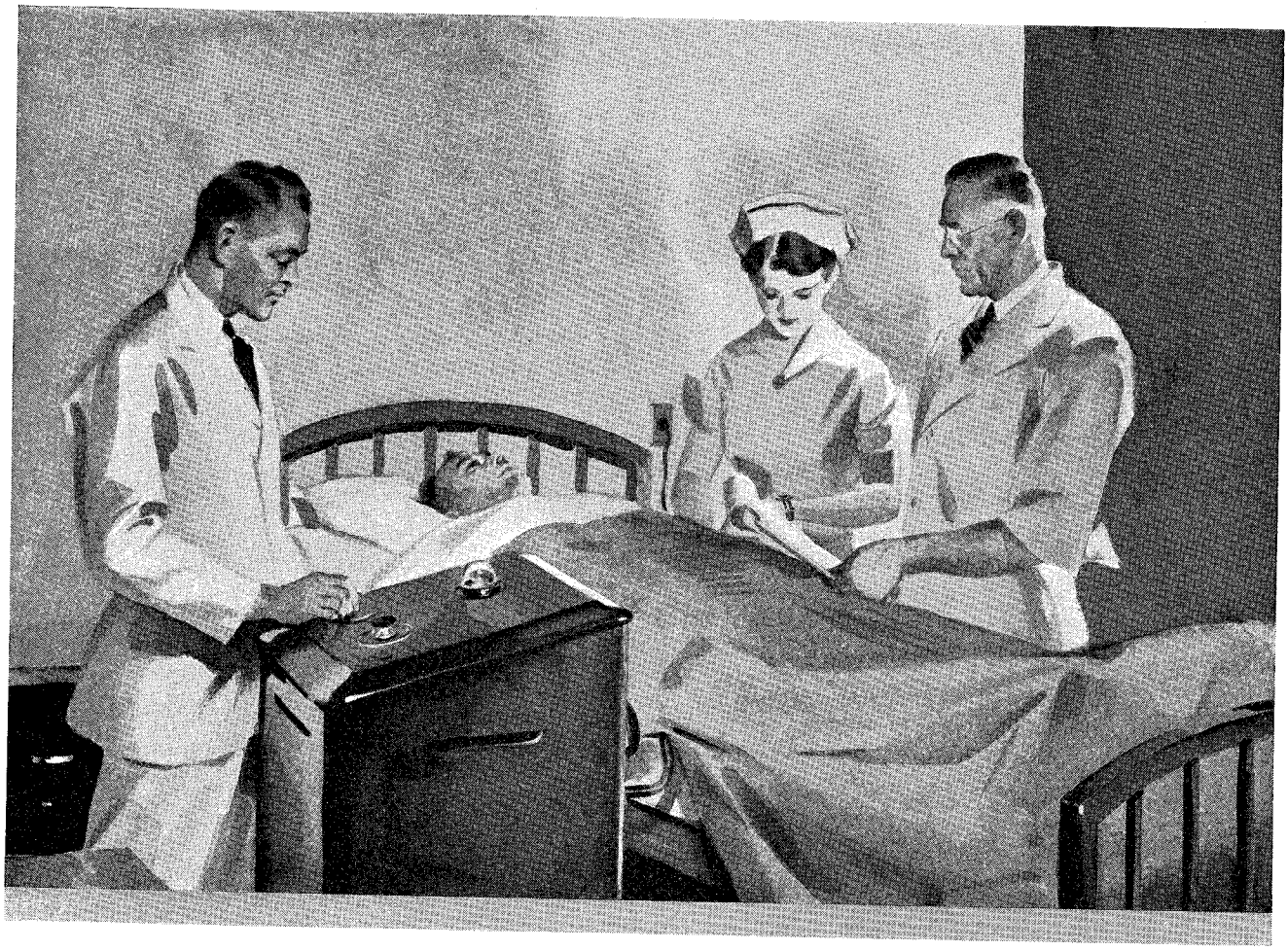

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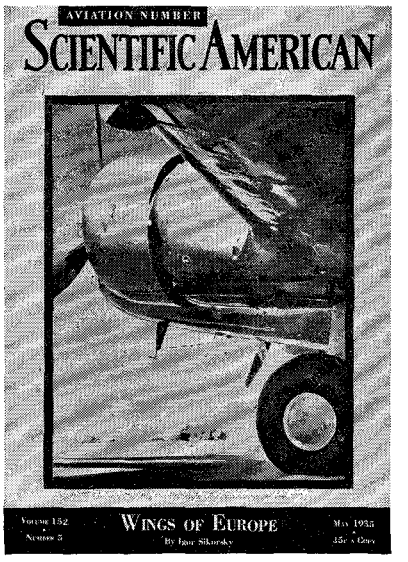

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OUR ROSTRUM

to Mr. Myers by leaders in parent education. After a good many years of intensive reading, listening, and publishing in this field of parent education and child study, I know of no such widely accepted doctrine. I do not say that spanking is the worst crime parents can commit. I merely say it is an unintelligent and unforgivably rude way of dealing with children. Neither can I believe it is a panacea for lawlessness, as Mr. Myers suggests. Children have been spanked for generations, and juvenile delinquency and crime have gone right on. No, Mr. Myers, bringing up children is not as simple as you would lead us to suspect. Spanking is a much-overrated form of exercise for parents who lack self-control and imagination.

CLARA SAVAGE LITTLEDALE
New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Littledale is Editor of **Parents' Magazine.**

To the Editor:

Every youthful criminal offender who is not severely punished through the law becomes an object lesson for other would-be offenders, and the result is seen in the inundation of juvenile criminals who have neither conscience or decency in the commission of crimes involving depravity, violence, and terrorism.

If youthful criminals were given a good lashing before their fellow pupils, their companions, or the inmates of reformatories, there would at once be a letup in the fearful increase of theft, robbery, assaults, and the wanton destruction of property by criminals who are sentimentally called "high-spirited youngsters" and "reckless schoolboys."

Mr. Myers' idea that parents should resume the old-fashioned correction known as "spanking" smacks of the kindergarten. Such offenses as he illustrates call for the whipping post set up by the law, and the benighted parents would then learn for the first time that they would have to stir themselves if they wanted to save their children and themselves from disgrace.

R. A. WEBSTER
Tucson, Ariz.

PINEAPPLE DEP'T.

"Forum Magazine, a lesser of the intellectual rags. . . ." — *Jonathan Bean, in the Scarsdale* (*N. Y.*) Sun.

GOAT FOOD

To the Editor:

Before any such proposal as Mr. Edson's [What's To Become of the CCC?" April FORUM] is seriously considered it should be realized that the permanent benefit thus far resulting from the CCC is hard to find and certainly does not include

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its primary objective, reforestation. There are several CCC camps in Connecticut which have been in operation for about two years at a cost of several million dollars, yet the saplings set out by them could be eaten by a few goats. . . .

THERON CERES

New Haven, Conn.

DICTATOR COUGHLIN

To the Editor:

I have found the article by David Carl Colony [April FORUM] on "Dictator Coughlin" extremely interesting but I think it includes a considerable amount of exaggeration, some pretty faulty logic, and a small bit of anti-Catholic bias.

JOHN A. RYAN

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

In Mr. Colony's criticism of the stand-off policy of the Church in regard to Father Coughlin, he overlooks the fact that as a priest of the Church the Detroit priest has transgressed no law of the Church. It may be perfectly true that his political doctrines are offensive, but the Church is not a political institution. Until Father Coughlin is guilty of a misuse or perversion of his sacerdotal function, his ecclesiastical superiors are entirely justified in leaving hands away from him. The purpose and *raison d'être* of the Church is to provide for the spiritual welfare of her children and not to stop the mouth of any radical, almost fanatical demagogue, be he priest or layman. It is undoubtedly unfortunate that a Catholic priest should so demean himself; yet the political utterances of Father Coughlin do not proceed from one who speaks as a priest (even though he himself would have us believe so). Since his Bishop has refrained from censuring him, it is right to assume that in his priestly life he has been blameless, although as a citizen and a politician he may be a dangerous character.

Mr. Colony's views regarding the unsoundness and danger of Father Coughlin's policies are very largely shared by the writer, and I am certain that no intelligent Catholic subscribes to the radio priest's doctrines because of any notion that he is voicing the thoughts and wisdom of the Church at large. It may be that a large number of the uneducated laity are drinking in the sedition that falls from his lips: if so, it would not better matters were the Church authorities to silence him, since any such gesture would, as Mr. Colony points out, inevitably increase his sway.

The safest and sanest course for the Church to follow, in my opinion, is that which she has followed hitherto: to leave well enough alone, until Father Coughlin

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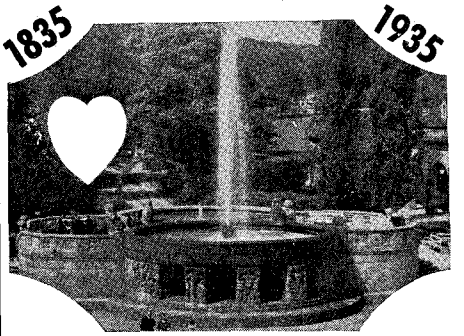

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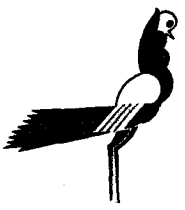

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

This column is ideal for small announcements. Write for interesting rates to: Advertising Department, Forum Magazine, 570 Lexington Ave., New York City.

OUR ROSTRUM

commits some definite violation of the canon law which binds him.

DANIEL F. COOGAN, JR.
Haverford, Pa.

Michael Williams, able Editor of The Commonweal, *Roman Catholic intellectual weekly, said editorially in his issue of April 5:*

"We heartily recommend a perusal of the entire [*Colony*] article in its weird, almost incredible, naïve and unadulterated fantasy. We are concerned with it here only as at other times we have been concerned with similar travesties of reason, and perversion of facts, appearing in articles published by magazines purporting to appeal to intelligent readers. That is, we raise the question once more as to the motive animating such curious productions. Are their authors or their publishers deliberately striving to reach and stir up the deep deposits of ignorance, prejudice and bigotry concerning the Catholic Church which exist in the United States, and which on several occasions in past American history were stirred by demagogs and profiteers in bigotry. The editor of THE FORUM is a stalwart champion of Nordic culture, Nordic religion, Nordic political predominance. Is it he, rather than the rambling and almost incoherent Mr. Colony, who thinks the time has come to start a new movement among the masses, but led by certain shrewd leaders of the higher and more privileged classes against Catholicism and the Catholic Church?"

Mr. Williams knows very well that the pages of THE FORUM *are open to critics and proponents of the Roman Catholic Church alike: he himself has appeared in the latter role. Evidently Mr. Williams neglected to read David Carl Colony's preface to his article in the April* FORUM:

"This paper is written only to arouse thinking Catholics and non-Catholics alike to the dangerous implications of the work of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin; to the fact that the Church, by permitting her priest to carry it on, is leaving herself open to dangerous accusations and to unwholesome suspicions. The accusations here enumerated may be entirely unjustified. The Church has it in her power to clear the air."

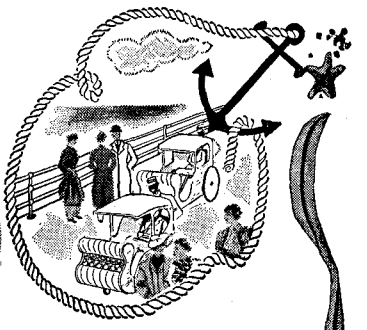
Let Mr. Michael Williams cease his insinuations about the Editor of THE FORUM *and "new movements among the masses." He knows the Editor too well to utter such nonsense.*

BOUQUET

To the Editor:

. . . It may gratify you to learn that the students of the University here are becoming more and more partial to THE FORUM. Upon it we depend for unprejudiced truth.

ANN WEBB
Charlottesville, Va.



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Periodical F77

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

and later

UNDERPAID PROFESSORS

Ann Preston Carter

"We have made it a sort of madcap's prank for the young man of outstanding abilities to go into the teaching profession and we are keeping the field open chiefly for the person who is slightly lacking in stamina, energy, vision, and red blood." This is Mrs. Carter's indictment of our educational system, and she can back it up, for her husband is a university professor himself.

HOW TO TAME DRAGONS

Gerald Heard

"You can never change human nature" is a phrase too often used to excuse brutality, cowardice, hopelessness. Mr. Heard takes a more optimistic view. He argues that, if (as scientists are proving daily) animals can be rendered tractable and responsive under the spell of kindness and affection, surely the same methods may work with men. Why not, he suggests, thaw out the icy suspicion and fear that grips the world by the exercise of sympathetic understanding of the other fellow's problems?

THE NEW BIOGRAPHY

Mary M. Colum

With an eye to several recently published works of psychology, Mrs. Colum plans to examine some of the new volumes of biography (H. G. Wells', for instance) as psychological studies of the authors' minds.

TWO DISTINGUISHED STORIES

Louis Paul

Dora Aydelotte

Mr. Paul was awarded in November the O'Henry Prize for the best short story of 1933. "Lay Me Low" is, like his first-prize story, a tale of the Negro. Dora Aydelotte's large FORUM following will welcome "Minnie," which begins a saga of Barbry Miller's "little sister."

THE WORLD AS I WANT IT

Gutzon Borglum

"If I should attempt to describe briefly the world as I want it, I would say an *honest* world; and honesty, to be effective and useful, must be *active* and *courageous*." Gutzon Borglum flings this challenge to a civilization threatened by greed and sharp practice.

WHAT OF HUMAN SURVIVAL?

J. B. Rhine

The answer to the question of human survival after death, which has troubled the minds of men and women since time began, is yet forthcoming. In this, his third paper for THE FORUM, Professor Rhine reviews the principal scientific investigations already made in this direction and indicates the methods that still remain to be tried in the long search for the ultimate solution.

OTHER FEATURES

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek describes her adventures with her War Lord-husband's army pursuing the outlaw communist forces in the back country of China. J. Blake Lowe outlines a plan to keep our millions of unemployed occupied, with profit both to them and to the country at large. Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing gives a graphic description of the drab lives of the women who live in the Ozark hills. Lowell Brentano continues his amusing account of the adventures of a publisher.

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; $4.00 a year; foreign and Canadian subscription, $5.00. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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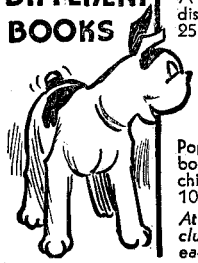

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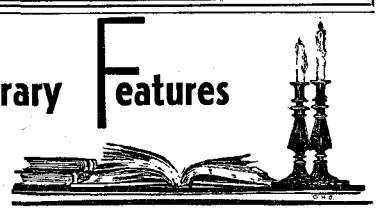
Financial Editor

Literary Features



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PRIZE CONTEST!

See announcement of FORUM Prize Contest on page XVI of this issue.

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON

RETREAT FROM GLORY, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart (Putnam, $3.00). Not nearly so sensational nor so exciting as *British Agent*, this rueful sequel has, possibly, more permanent significance. After his return from Russia in 1918 Mr. Lockhart was inevitably a victim of anticlimax. His new post as commercial secretary at Prague seemed tame to one who had lived through the Russian Revolution, and though Mr. Lockhart quickly identified himself with Czechoslovakian affairs and was soon on intimate terms with such men as Masaryk and Benes, he found that much of his energy and enthusiasm was seeping away from him. Central Europe, in those early post-war days, was a fevered, restless, chaotic place, breeding an unhealthy miasma with which Mr. Lockhart was infected. As he candidly admits, he made a fool of himself. He squandered money on night clubs, liquor, parties, until, in order to get back his financial footing, he was obliged to leave diplomacy for banking. His new post involved him still more deeply in Central European politics and finance, but again his debts mounted, and he let opportunities slip through his hands. He belonged, as he says, to a tired generation, drained and disillusioned by the war, and, being both articulate and unusually frank, he gives an illuminating account of the process of his disintegration. *Retreat from Glory* is full of inside stuff about the politics and personalities of Central Europe, but its value as a spiritual autobiography constitutes its real distinction.

THE WORLD OUTSIDE, by Hans Fallada (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). Grimmer, devoid of the heart-warming sentiment and pathos which attracted Hollywood to *Little Man, What Now?*, Fallada's second book is less appealing but more bitterly powerful than his first. After serving a five-year prison sentence, Willi Kufalt is thrust forth into the bewildering world of present-day Germany. He tries to go straight, but against him is ranged the hostility of all good people and the fact that prison, with its regimentation, has made him incapable of acting intelligently on his own initiative. Within a year, like so many of his kind, he is back behind bars — grateful, on the whole, to be again secure and unperplexed. Fallada's irony is effective, his account of Willi's struggles cruelly realistic, his implied judgment of society devastating. One wonders again, nevertheless, as one did in the case of his previous book, how it is possible for a novelist of Fallada's stature to ignore completely the German political situation. For all that Willi knows of them, neither Nazis nor communists inhabit his Germany.

DIAMOND JIM: *The Life and Times of James Buchanan Brady*, by Parker Morell (Simon & Schuster, $3.00). When one reads of the Broadway which Diamond Jim ruled, our own night-club era seems drab and sedate. A prodigal spender, a fantastic, an incredible glutton, the deviser of Bacchic orgies at which he never touched a drop, Brady was one of the few financial titans who really had any fun. He swaggered about, ablaze with diamonds, because he knew that "If you're gonna make money, you've got to look like money" — and also, it must be said, because he had a childish, vulgar love of display. He couldn't make society but at least he could make whoopee, and the friendship of such people as Lillian Russell, Stanford White, John L. Sullivan, Nat Goodwin, Ziegfeld, and Anna Held consoled him for the neglect of Newport and Fifth Avenue. In the 'nineties and the pre-war decade he was everywhere in evidence — especially at the race track, the restaurants and first nights — and his exploits furnished long, juicy columns to the newspaper boys who trailed him around. They make excellent copy as well for his astute and witty young biographer. Though not overcritical, Mr. Morell's book is crammed with gorgeous yarns.

BEYOND WOMAN, by Maurice Samuel (Coward-McCann, $2.50). Packed with ideas, a little perverse, and more stimulating intellectually than the average novel, *Beyond Woman* defends the integrity of the male and his right to live an individual life. Must a man be tied and thwarted by social bonds, by the obligation to be a good provider, by the cloying demands of sex? No, says Mr. Samuel angrily, and proceeds to describe the emancipation of Hugo Enders, who was stranded in a successful business career that he hated and kept in thrall by a wife who aspired to a career of her own. Mr. Samuel is a hearty believer in sex antagonism, in the destructive influence of women, in a man's need to preserve his soul intact. He sponsors the scientific outlook (Hugo abandons everything for pure mathematics), dislikes the sloppy culture of the literary intellectual, and has an especial abhorrence of the woman who seeks to express herself by dabbling with a career. His Hugo is an astonishing egotist, but Mr. Samuel defends his viewpoint brilliantly.

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There are twenty-six monthly prizes in all and a Sweepstakes prize of $500.00.

★

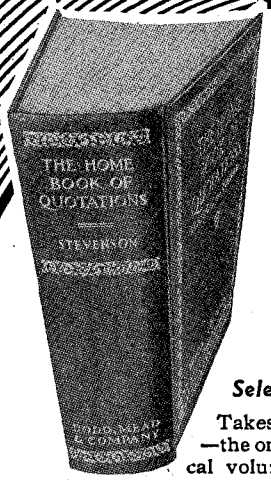
SEE

Pages 62 and 63

OF THE TEXT SECTION

FOR FULL DETAILS

Who Said It?



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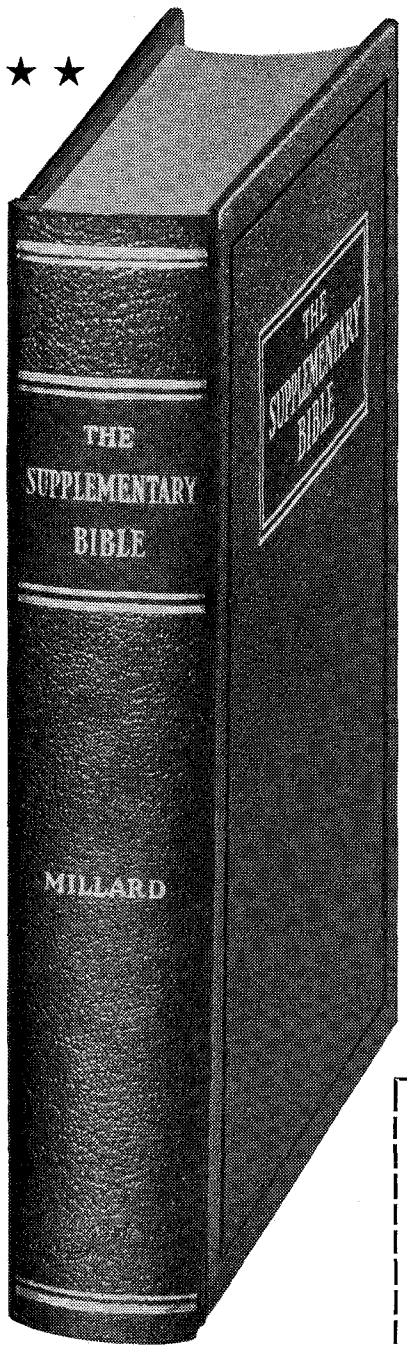

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THE BOOK PARADE

THE SECRET WAR, by F. C. Hanighen (John Day, $2.75). Following his exposure of the "merchants of death," Mr. Hanighen has gone on to tackle other ominous titans. The secret struggle for oil is his theme, the devastation it has already caused, its alarming implications. Starting with the birth of the Anglo-Persian, Mr. Hanighen shows how a death conflict has developed between England and America — or, more specifically, between Deterding and Standard Oil — and how Russia, by skillful tactics, has intruded into the picture and to some extent holds the balance of power. He describes how the oil magnates, in their frantic quest for reserves and markets, have instrumented wars and revolutions in such countries as Mexico, Venezuela, Arabia, Persia, and how modern diplomacy is largely based on their hidden machinations. Oil, he says, may be as potent a breeder of world war as munitions themselves — and certainly its possible menace is less clearly understood. Mr. Hanighen's book shows evidences of hasty writing and inadequate organization, but it is commendably detailed and its importance can hardly be questioned.

WINE FROM THESE GRAPES, by Edna St. Vincent Millay (Harper, $2.00). Her old insouciance gone, Miss Millay has achieved in its place a sober maturity. Technically her verse is as exquisite as ever, but it is no longer so capricious, so personal, so self-centered. Pain is the keynote of her new book, but it is pain for human vanity and folly rather than for a lover lost, a dream frustrated. Her sonnet sequence — "Epitaph for the Race of Man" — indicates the kind of theme with which Miss Millay is now preoccupied, and though her work has lost some of its surface charm one can hardly regret that her interests have grown wider and deeper.

A WOMAN'S BEST YEARS, by W. Beran Wolfe (Long & Smith, $2.25). Although he does not precisely say that life begins at forty, Dr. Wolfe offers shrewd counsel and consolation to the woman who is facing middle age with perplexity or fear. There is no reason, he says, why her life should not be increasingly rich and full — nor why, even belatedly, she should not make satisfactory sexual adjustments. Dr. Wolfe is neither a quack, a Pollyanna, nor a Dorothy Dix. A well-known psychologist, his book is free of technical verbiage and conspicuous for its enlightened common sense. His ideas, especially concerning sex, may be a little too advanced for Main Street, but his point of view is so obviously wholesome that the Puritans may be persuaded to forgive him. He has avoided both the sentimentality and the platitudes of the average popularizer and has produced a self-respecting book.

THE CROWDED HILL, by LeRoy MacLeod (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50). A continuation of *The Years of Peace* — that excellent novel of Indiana farm life during the decade following the Civil War — *The Crowded Hill* concerns itself with bitter domestic conflict. Tyler and Evaline Peck, a tragically ill-mated pair, move with their numerous children into the big house which Tyler has inherited from his uncle and immediately become involved in rasping friction with the relatives who share their home. Tyler, a lustful, charming, and ambitious man, finds an outlet in local politics — which are beginning to supplant his interest in farming — but poor, proud, rigid Evvie has no such recourse. Mr. MacLeod is contemplating other volumes in this series, and they should be good. His Pecks are extraordinarily interesting people, his picture of the Wabash Valley region in the late 'sixties and the 'seventies is admirable, and he writes with a slow, grave beauty of style.

THE HOME BOOK OF QUOTATIONS, edited by Burton Stevenson (Dodd, Mead, $10.00). Burton Stevenson, whose *Home Book of Verse* ought to be in the library of every self-respecting home, has taken the next, quite logical step and compiled a book of quotations, classical and modern, which is as good and as all-inclusive as one would expect from so notable an editor. Everything is here, from the Greek dramatists to the *New Yorker* wits; all manner of foreign languages are represented, both in the original and in translation; and special attention has properly been given to modern American and English writers. Mr. Stevenson's system of indexing is so ingenious and thorough, moreover, that only crass stupidity can be responsible for a failure to find that elusive line.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown, $2.50). Sometime in December, 1789, a stout English ship, weatherbeaten and weedy, dropped anchor off a tiny island in the middle of the South Seas. Her company, consisting of nine white men and eighteen Polynesians (twelve women and six men), disembarked, unloaded her supplies, stripped her of her fittings, and then set fire to her. What happened after that is one of the strangest narratives in the history of the sea, and Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall have developed it into a superb concluding volume for their trilogy about the famous mutiny on the *Bounty*.

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Male and Female Reproductive Cells

By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D.
Physician to the British Hospital for Functional Mental and Nervous Diseases, London

Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D.
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* The membership of the A.M.A. consists of approximately 100,000 physicians.

"Sexual pleasure, wisely used, may prove the stimulus and liberator of our finest and most exalted activities."
—*Havelock Ellis.*

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Your House *and* Your Health

"Come along. You and I are going to inspect this house from top to bottom."

How you live is often far more important to your health than where you live. A striking example of what proper sanitation can do is shown in the Panama Canal Zone. Down there, homes have been made healthful as a result of the work done by the Sanitation Department of the United States Army. Constant vigilance keeps them so. Your home, wherever it is, requires equal vigilance.

Take an inspection trip through your house, from attic to cellar, and see whether the heating, lighting, plumbing and ventilating systems are in condition to give you and your family a full measure of health and safety. Should any of them be repaired, altered, or replaced?

If you find that your house is in apple-pie order, you will be gratified. If you find a condition which should be corrected, you will be glad to do what is necessary to make your home safer, more healthful and more comfortable.

INSPECT THOROUGHLY

Heating

Do your heating arrangements keep your home at an even temperature—about 70°? Have the flues and chimneys been cleaned recently? Is coal gas emitted from furnace or stoves?

Plumbing and Drains

It is essential to health that sewage should be properly disposed of, and that plumbing and drains be kept in repair. Is hot and cold water available for kitchen, bathroom and laundry?

Electric Wiring and Gas Outlets

Defective electric wiring or connections may cause fires. Gas leaks may cause suffocations or explosions. In case of doubt get professional advice. Repairs must be made by a qualified expert.

Ventilation and Screens

Adequate ventilation is important to health, but drafts cause discomfort and also waste fuel. Inspect the casings of doors and windows to see that they open easily and close tightly.

Screens at the proper season are necessary to keep out flies and mosquitoes—disease carriers.

Food Protection

Does your refrigerator hold its temperature between 40° and 50° and keep perishable food in proper condition—especially the milk?

Leaks, Cracks or Breaks

Is there dampness in cellar or attic caused by a leak? Do clogged drain-pipes or gutters at the edge of your roof furnish breeding places for mosquitoes? Is there broken plaster in walls or ceilings in which vermin may breed? Shaky stairs? Weak banisters? Loose boards in floorings? They add to the number of falls—the most frequent of all accidents in homes.

Lighting

Correct lighting is needed to prevent eyestrain. Many a fall has been prevented by properly placed lights —particularly in halls and on stairways.

Garbage

Proper disposal of refuse and garbage is imperative.

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